CIRCULATION LAST WEEK
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Poetry.

HOW OBADIAH SAVED THE FARM.

The old cash box is empty, ma, my wallet's long been flat,
The farm looks wus and wus each year—no one kin question that;
The crops don't seem to grow no more, the old hoss can't be rid,
And I've been thinkin' lately, ma, that somethin' must be did.

At first I thought of sellin' out, and asked Jedge Mead's advice—
He said as how I couldn't sell the place at any price;
"Your house and barn is perfect wrecks, your land's all swamp," says he,
And, though it went agin the grain, I had to half agree.

But, there, Amanda don't take on—for I've thought up a scheme
That soon'll make you feel as if you're livin' in a dream;
We'll take a dozen city folks to board the summer through,
And there'll be racin' colts for me, and stylish frocks for you!

You think the farm ain't good enough? My dear, it ain't the way
Things really is that brings the city folks, it's what the papers say;
I'll advertise this dismal place as "Hillcrest-by-the-Sun"—
If that don't take them city folks, then I don't know 'em, none.

I'll say it is a healthy spot—not addin', though, "for frogs;"
I'll speak of golf and tennis grounds—not mentionin' the hogs,
I'll say the fare is simple, for that allus brings 'em out—
And we'll be awful careful, ma, none on 'em gits the gout.

So I'll write out the notice, usin' all the brain I've got;
While you fix up the attic with a washstand and a cot;
And you kin bet them cityites, before we're more than done,
We're more than one,
Will come a-rushin' with their trunks to Hillcrest-by-the-Sun!
—Wallace Dunbar Vincent, in Brooklyn Life.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

Along the shell-wreathed, shining strand
The old and young went to and fro;
The sinking sun filled all the land
With evening's rich and ruddy glow,
The hot clouds in the amber west
Lit up the sea-kissed shingly bars,
And, weary one who longed for rest
Waited the dawning of the stars.

There came the murmur of the sea
Along the soft sands of the shore:
"Even laden with deep mystery,
And music strange was in its roar,
And, as the voices of its waves
Were borne upon the listening ears,
They sang alike of songs and graves,
And sunny hearts and sacred tears.

There passed a little blue-eyed boy,
As sank the sun on ocean's brim;
Naught but the sound of endless joy
Across the red wave came to him,
For his bright fancy chased the sun
O'er seas of emerald and gold;
And the sweet life he had begun
Its first fair scenes had now enrolled.

With merry heart a maiden came,
The shining, sunlit sands along,
To her the sea bore one dear name
Amid the burden of its song;
And the ten thousand glitterings
That stretched across the sunlit bay,
Seemed messengers on golden wings
From her true loved one far away.

There came a man of full four score
Into the twilight all alone,
To him the sea broke on the shore
With solemn sway and sullen moan;
The voices of the bygone years
Came faintly on its sad refrain;
Yet when he called, 'mid rising tears,
On friends, they answered not again.

Still sank the sun. Then rose the stars,
And looked down on the cold gray shore.
Still solemnly the moaning bars
Walled low their music as of yore,
And some with sad eyes met the night,
To pass its watches all forlorn;
And some there slept 'mid visions bright,
Till dawned the fragrant, rosy morn.
—All the Year Round.

"A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."

"Bill," said the small boy to the bird,
"I'm fond of you, upon my word.
But lately I have not been able
To take an apple off the table,
Or from the pantry swipe a cookie,
Or jam, or even play at hookey,
But mamma gets right at the facts,
No matter how I hide my tracks.
And then she turns me on her knee,
And, crackey! but she whoops me!
And when I ask, 'Who told you, ma?'
She only laughs and says, 'Aha!
A little birdie watches you
And tells me everything you do!'

"Now, Bill, perhaps you're not the one
But chances I don't like to run.
So get this through your head, somehow—
I'm going in the pantry now
To sample every jar and dish
And eat just everything I wish,
And—listen, Bill, if any one
Should ever hear what I have done,
Remember what I've said, and that
I'll—well, I'll feed you to the cat!"
—Paul West in Life.

Miscellany.

UNSOLVED SECRET OF BIRDS' FLIGHT

"Thousands of learned papers have been written on the flight of birds," said a mechanical expert, "and all the flying machine enthusiasts have given the subject endless study and investigation, but, strange to say, we know almost exactly as much about it now as we did in the beginning; in other words, nothing at all. The great secret of secrets is what is known as 'floating,' or 'poising.' Most of us have seen a hawk, for instance, on a clear, still day, hanging apparently motionless in the upper air. Whether the outstretched wings are really still or whether there is a slight but continual shifting to take advantage of aerial currents is not fully determined. Floating birds have been watched for hours through powerful glasses, and lately they have been photographed in infinite detail with that wonderful new instrument called the 'telephotoscope,' which is merely a combination of the telescope and the camera; but not one clew to the mystery has been obtained. It used to be thought that birds could float only against the wind, but that has been exploded. Then, again, the faculty is possessed by comparatively few varieties, and others, with equal or superior wing spread, are unable to do it at all.

"Lilienthall, the German scientist, seemed to be on the right track with his 'gliding machine,' but he fell and broke his neck, and, what was peculiarly unfortunate, was that he failed to commit his most valuable facts to paper. Hiram Maxim, the machine-gun man, wrestled with the same problem for years and spent thousands of pounds constructing what he christened 'aeroplanes,' but at last he gave it up. It was too hard for him. Now Oliver Chanute, the veteran American engineer, and Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian institute, are both at work on the same lines. They have made no actual progress, but if persistency counts for anything it is only a matter of time when the secret will be wrested from nature."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Called Him Down.

The Customer—Waiter! Waiter! Bring me a lobster at once.

The Waiter—In zis one moment, monsieur. I will call ze proprietor.

SPENT THE NIGHT ON THE TOWER

Miss Florence Leonard, of Arlington, Ga., had an unusually trying experience while on a visit to Niagara Falls last week. Leaving the home of friends with whom she was stopping she announced that she was going to take a good, long look at the falls from the observation tower on Riverway. Results proved that her look was a good deal longer than she anticipated.

Joseph Brooks, the manager of the tower, saw Miss Leonard as he went up in the elevator. When the time for closing came at 6 o'clock he made his final trip and looked conscientiously to see that all the passengers were aboard before he started the car on its last trip for the night. Then he went away, leaving the tower in darkness and—Miss Leonard.

Overlooked by the manager and ignorant of the fact that the elevator does not run on forever, the southern woman feasted her eyes on the scenery afforded by the tower view. So absorbed was she in the magnificent panorama that it was not until dusk had fallen that she became aware she was alone.

She waited for the elevator to come up to get her, but it didn't come. She rattled at the door of the shaft, but the noise was not loud enough to reach the foot of the tower and her cries were equally in vain. The roar of the falls, a moment before so grand, was now very irritating, inasmuch as it deadened every medium of alarm.

Miss Leonard had forgotten her pencil and couldn't drop messages from her lofty height. She had only one comfort in the hour of tribulation and that was her bible. As long as light lasted she picked out the most soothing verses and when at last she could read no more she folded her arms and sat down to wait for morning.

When Mr. Brooks made the first trip to the top of the tower in the morning he found Miss Leonard sitting on the landing reading her bible.

The manager was profuse in explanations there it wasn't his fault, to which Miss Leonard replied that she had not been frightened, but she was quite ready to make the descent of 250 feet.

MONEY CHEAPER HERE THAN ELSEWHERE

Money in the United States is cheaper than anywhere else in the world. At the market price in April, the average earnings for our 4 per cent bonds of 1925 were 2.244 per cent; for the 4's of 1907 the earnings were 1.857 per cent; for the 3's, 1.738 per cent; for the 5's, 1.452 per cent. German 3 1-2 per cents sold at 96 1-2 to 97, and German 3's at 86 to 86 1-2, so that their earnings to the buyer were more than the interest stated. The premium on British consols is about 1 per cent, and on the French rentes 1 per cent, and their earnings vary a little above the face interest.

Appreciation.

"Johnny," said Mr. Smithers to the boy who had just entered the room, "do you ever stop to think how I labor and toil and work for you, that you may enjoy life? Do you know that new suit you have on cost me many hours of slavery? Do you appreciate these things?"

"Yessir," answered Johnny, as he started to back out of the room.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Smithers.

"Aw, the fellers has been callin' me 'Willie boy,' cuz I got on these new clothes, an' I'm goin' upstairs to take the darn things off."—Indianapolis Sun.

ANTIQUE WINE JAR WORTH $10,000

The quaint old wine jar pictured here is now exhibited in the window of an uptown drug store. It was found in the Mediterranean, near the Island of Mandoro, by sponge fishers, together with one just like it which is now in the British museum. Scientists have pronounced the jars as very old. By some they are supposed to have been made about 2300 B. C. The one now in New York was bought by a wholesale sponge dealer and kept in a cellar for nearly ten years, coming into possession of its present owner a few weeks ago. He puts on it the high value of $10,000.

WORLD'S NAVIES AND ARMIES RACING FOR THE SCENE OF WAR.

From a map drawn by Edwin Wildman, Ex-United States Vice Consul at Hong Kong, for the New York Journal.

TESTING FIREARMS. RIGID LAWS OF BELGIUM

Belgium's laws making it a crime to sell, offer for sale, or to be found in possession of a gun, pistol, or any kind of firearms not bearing the proper government test marks, or a gun of different calibre than that stamped on the barrel, do away almost entirely with accidents caused by the bursting of guns in the hands of sportsmen, and prevents manufacturers imposing dangerous and worthless guns on the public. The fine is not less than $10 nor more than $20, and the arm in question is confiscated. It is also a crime severely punishable for any one to put any testing marks on firearms, or a gun of different calibre, to add the words "choke bored" or anything or a similar character.

Single-barrel muzzle-loading shotguns are tested once, while a double barrel is tested twice. A single-barrel breech-loading shotgun is tested twice, while a double barrel is tested three times. The guns having more than one test have the barrels tested before they are fastened together and again when breech-block is finished. In all cases, at least double the usual charge of powder is used, and that of an extra fine quality, which is tested carefully three times each week; and one-third more shot is used than ordinarily.

The loss by testing varies from 1 to 5 per cent; the largest percentage of loss is in the higher priced and lighter guns. The same quality of steel is used for all barrels, but the difference comes in the workmanship and weight.

The cost of testing is paid by the manufacturer, and is twenty cents for the three tests.

To give an idea of the growth of the firearms industry in Liege, Alfred A. Winslow, our consul in Liege, reporting to the state department, notes the total number of tests made at the proving station for the last three years: In 1897 there were 1,712,800; in 1898, 1,968,708, and in 1899, 2,238,326, showing in two years an increase of 525,526 tests.

Indian Repartee.

An Indian agent, who was a militia colonel, desired to impress the Indians with the magnitude of his dignity. He dressed himself in full uniform, with his sword by his side, and rising in the council told them that one reason why the Great Father had had so much trouble with his red children was that he had sent civilians to them. "You are warriors," he said, "and when the Great Father saw me he said: 'I will send this man, who is a great warrior, to my red children, who are warriors, and they will hear his words.'" An old chief arose, and, surveying the speaker from head to foot, said calmly: "Since I was a small boy I have heard that white men have have great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked upon one, and now I am ready to die."—The Reminiscences of the Bishop of Minnesota.

THE JUNIOR SENATOR

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SAM IN 1892."

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CHAPTER XIX.

Meanwhile, every transport that reached Manila brought American regulars, and the forward movement, which had been delayed because of insufficient force, began, after over a month's necessary delay. The attempt made, by Aguinaldo's express orders, to assassinate every foreigner in Manila, to murder all Americans or drive them into the bay, to burn and loot the city, occurred on the night of February 22. It was not until March 25 that General MacArthur started on his northward sweep.

The northern line of American intrenchments was four and a half miles from Manila. On an eminence, almost midway between two of the old Spanish blockhouses, which were held by our troops, stands a huge stone church, with a magnificent dome, crowning a swelling hill of moderate altitude. The church is called La Loma—those Spanish words meaning "the hill." These solid, thick-walled stone churches were used as fortresses, barracks and hospitals by both armies, Filipino and American, and by the Spaniards before them. The insurgents pierced the walls of many of them with loop-holes, through which to keep up a Mauser fire upon the Americans. Some foolish people in America tried to raise a howl about the "desecration" of churches, but it was shown that Spaniards and Filipinos first resorted to this use of the sacred edifices, and the silly attempt died a natural death, of course.

La Loma has a large church yard, surrounded by a heavy stone wall, thick enough to bid defiance to any fire but that of siege guns, and of these the Filipinos had none. This wall, on the northern side of the enclosure, formed part of the American trenches; and it was at a point directly in front of the church that the American advance began. There was some five or six hundred yards of low-lying rice land first, then a bamboo thicket, along the edge of which ran the Filipino trenches.

It was just at daylight that two brigades of American troops, under Brigadier General Harrison Gray Otis and General Hale, rushed from the American front, pouring a heavy fire into the Filipino trenches, and drove through the insurgent lines, cutting the enemy's army in two.

MacArthur's main body followed a northwesterly course, along the Dagupan railway; for the first objective was Malolos, the insurgent capital. Other commands cleaned the country to the north and northeast of the rebel forces there. The Filipinos again learned the humiliating lesson that they could not stand against either the American fire in the open, nor against an American charge, though protected by trenches. The whole of the northern movement of MacArthur was a succession of assaults on Filipino trenches in bamboo thickets, on the northern banks of the numerous streams which seek Manila bay across the lowlands which skirt it, and against entrenched towns whose defenders fled with regularity when the Americans charged—first setting fire to the nipa huts which composed the bulk of the structures therein.

It was on the second or third day of this campaign that Colonel Funston, then the brave commander of the Kansas volunteers, became the hero of a story which represented him as swimming an unfordable river, with some 20 of his command. This story has been denied time and again, but it is still believed by thousands, and probably will continue to be deemed a real occurrence. General Funston, however, needs no such adventitious aid to testify to his courage and tireless push on a military campaign.

Beckwith and Wadleigh were both informed of the intended movement late in the evening before, and both rose before dawn to witness the initial move. For certain dollars Mexican, each had become the proud possessor of a diminutive Filipino pony, and they rattled off to La Loma in time to witness the beginning of things. From that time forward they had their hands full, to follow the movements of the troops and keep in touch with all the sources of information during the six days until Malolos, the rebel capital, was abandoned and our troops entered it in triumph.

Thus ended the first chapter of the advance. The next was to push northward along the line of railway—the only one in the Philippines. But there was a halt, to rest the tired troops, who had been "hiking" to the point of exhaustion.

Every war produces its own crop of slang. "Hike" is the most conspicuous example developed by the war in the Philippines. But it is not newly coined. Fifty years ago it was common in the mouths of people in Southern Ohio, and without doubt throughout the Ohio valley, and with exactly the same meaning given it to-day. The sturdy farmer would call: "Bill, hike out and hitch up the team!" Or it might be, "Boys, you're lazy! Hike, now! Hike!"

During this period of rest, our two friends had breathing time, and one afternoon Beckwith accompanied a surgeon friend to the hospital which had been hurriedly established in one of the better class residences of the town, to care for the insurgent wounded, of whom there was a considerable number.

Passing among the patients, following the surgeon, he was amazed to see Senor Zumy, whom he and his friend had met at the villa of Senor Roxas. It will be remembered that Juanita, while urging Wadleigh to leave Manila, had revealed the fact that the young rice planter of Imus was really a colonel in the insurgent army. Whatever plans he may have had regarding the man he regarded as his rival in the affections of the girl, the outbreak of hostilities had rendered them ineffectual.

The young colonel was suffering from a rifle wound in the leg, which had prevented his escape. Falling into American hands, he had been taken to Malolos and placed in the hospital.

Seeing that Zumy recognized him, Beckwith spoke to him, and courteously expressed his sorrow at finding him wounded. The Filipino returned his thanks in the usual magniloquent Spanish phrase, and then inquired if the Senor Americano's newspaper friend was with him in Malolos.

The reply was, of course, in the affirmative, and it was evident it was not pleasing to the Filipino. A quick frown passed over his face, and he uttered an exclamation of impatience, immediately apologizing that his wound had given him a twinge of pain.

Beckwith inquired if it was within his power to do anything in his behalf. The Filipino's eyes glistened with a hope.

"Would it be possible, senor, for you to have me sent to the hospital in Manila?

The American promised to inquire and return an answer as soon as possible. The surgeon shook his head when Beckwith asked the question on their way back to quarters.

"The Manila hospitals are crowded just now, and we have so many sick and wounded of our own that I fear they would hardly receive him. However, I will make the request for you to-morrow, and see what comes of it."

The powers that ruled hospital matters, however, could not give permission for the colonel's removal to Manila at that time, though the intimation was given that it would probably be done later. Beckwith went to the hospital the next day, and so informed Zumy.

He received the news without comment, and then, glancing about to see that no one could overhear, said:

"May I ask, senor, when you go to Manila again?"

"Mr. Wadleigh will be back to-morrow, and I will go down the next day, I presume.

"May I presume to burden you with a message?"

"Most certainly—if it be one which has no political significance."

"It is to our good friend, Senor Roxas, and will in no way compromise you, Senor Americano."

"I will carry it with pleasure."

"Then, if you will tell the senor of my situation here—wounded and a prisoner, and say to him that I expect him to come to Malolos, to talk of business affairs in which we are mutually interested."

"Very well," said Beckwith. "I shall be glad to deliver the message."

"One thing more, if you will listen. Say to Senor Roxas that I expect him to bring the senorita with him."

"The senorita?" echoed Beckwith, inquiringly.

"Without doubt. The name is unnecessary. He will understand who is meant."

Two days later Beckwith went by the rickety railroad to Manila and called at Senor Roxas's place of business, in the Plaza de Cervantes, to deliver Zumy's message.

Senor Jose was much concerned over the news, and plied Beckwith with questions as to the character of the wound. When he was assured that it was not dangerous, and that the patient was in a fair way toward recovery, his interest subsided so suddenly that the thought crossed Beckwith's mind that he was secretly hoping Zumy's hurt might prove mortal.

The message, however, discomposed the old man greatly. His habitual suavity was overcome for the moment, and he indulged in some picturesque profanity, Spanish and Tagalo in about equal proportions. Then, recovering himself, he begged Beckwith's pardon, thanked him for his trouble in bringing the message, and finally begged him to take back an answer to the effect that he would come to Malolos on a certain date, more than a week ahead.

That afternoon at 6, Beckwith went across the Bridge of Spain and strolled down on the Luneta, to cool himself in the refreshing sea breeze, and listen to the music. On the great oval driveway, shaped like a Greek stadium and shaded by tropical trees, the beauty, and fashion of Manila was taking its usual outing. Proud and reserved Spanish dames, wealthy Mestizos and a sprinkling of fair American ladies—"army women"—made up the moving procession.

Beckwith found himself a comfortable chair in a shaded spot, and, lighting a cigar, leaned back to enjoy the delicious breeze and at the same time feast his eyes on the "beauty parade." Manila society presents many different racial types of beauty, from the glowing black eyes, raven hair and slender forms of Andalusian and Castilian women, in whose veins runs uncontaminated the "sangre azue"—blue blood—on which Spanish pride plumes itself, to the fat shapelessness of the elderly women of the mixed races, lolling on their carriage cushions. In the Philippines those of mixed blood are all termed Mestizos, whether the cross be of Spanish and Tagal, of Malay and Chinese, or even Tagal and negro—though the latter cross is never seen in the fashionable Luneta promenade.

One novel feature, noted by every stranger who first visits the Luneta in the late afternoon, is that the carriages are diminished in size to correspond with the pony-like Filipino horses. It gives, at first glance, the impression of a parade of children's pony turnouts.

As Beckwith scanned the passing throng, lifting his hat on occasion to some fair American, whose face was as a lily among the swarthier complexions of her tropical sisters, a carriage came floating by which contained the two daughters of Senor Roxas. The stately Luz inclined her head graciously, while pretty Juanita dimpled and smiled at the American.

The young man's eyes idly followed the low victoria as it circled the half-mile drive of the Luneta. Slowly it came around, and halted for an instant not far from where he was seated. The footman—a lithe young Tagalo—dropped from his perch, and made his way to Beckwith's side, bowed and handed a tiny note; then followed the carriage, which was moving at a footpace, regained his station, and the vehicle moved swiftly onward. Beckwith unfolded the note—a leaf torn from a memorandum book—and read this:

"Call this evening without fail. I need your help."

"Now what does the little girl mean?" wondered "J." Beckwith. "Is she trying to mix me up in her flirtation—or love affair—with Wadleigh?"

However, conjecture was useless, and he felt constrained to obey the summons. Glancing along the procession of carriages, he found that the Roxas equipage had left the Luneta. So turning regretfully away from the cool breeze sweeping in from the broad bay, he wended his way to the English club, where he was to dine with his English friend, young Morley.

As they sat over their meal, Beckwith's thoughts still ran on the message he had brought from the wounded prisoner in the Malolos hospital. It occurred to him that Morley might know something of him. So he asked the question:

"Senor Zumy, of Imus? Yes, I have met him. But why do you ask about him? You certainly have not ventured down into that hotbed of revolution, Cavite province?"

Beckwith laughed. "Certainly not; but I saw him only two days ago."

"Where, pray?"

"Wounded, and a prisoner, in the hospital at Malolos."

"Ah! The little devil's luck has turned, then, has it? But how did you become acquainted with him?"

"I met him at the Roxas villa some weeks ago. But tell me about him."

"Oh! The little rascal ventured into Manila, did he? Yet I'm not surprised, for he is that rare thing—a Tagalo insensible to fear, and absolutely unmindful of danger. The Spaniards put a high price on his head, for he is a Katipunan leader. He felt safe, of course, after the downfall of Spanish power; though I suspect he visited the city many times when the Spaniards were still in power."

"But what has old Roxas to do with him?"

"Ask me something easy. Roxas has dealings with many queer fish. He may have smuggled in arms for the insurgents; he always was fond of a risky venture—if there was money in it."

Beckwith then related the story of the message which he had brought. Senor Jose's explosion of rage when he received it, and his promise to go to Malolos.

"Bring the Senorita, hey? Then Roxas is in his power in some way. Poor Juanita!"

Beckwith looked up in astonishment. "Juanita? What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, it is without doubt she whom the old man is ordered to bring. Zumy has been paying court in that quarter, and Roxas evidently favors this suit—but the girl certainly doesn't."

"Then what am I to make of this note? I was on the Luneta this afternoon. The young ladies were driving, and their footmen brought me this—evidently from Juanita." As he spoke, he handed the bit of paper to Morley.

"Evidently the two things march together—the message and this note. Let us get to the bottom of it. I'll go with you, if you don't mind, and pay court to the queenly Luz, so as to give you a clear field with her little sister."

So it was arranged, and as soon as the young men finished their meal they went to pay the call.

CHAPTER XX.

The reception room of the new home was entirely different from that of the burned villa. The house was a stone structure; the windows were small, and contained glass instead of concha. The furniture was heavy and gloomy—being in fact that of the late Spanish owner, and purchased with the rest—but a new and excellent piano for the music-loving young ladies was the only addition to the furnishing of the room which had been made by Senor Roxas.

That worthy gentleman received them cordially, but there was a shifty glance in his eye, as he frequently turned his gaze upon Beckwith, which betrayed his anxiety lest the young man should refer to the conversation of the afternoon. He did his best therefore to put the old gentleman at his ease. He chatted voluably of the military campaign, made purposely wild guesses as to the next moves intended—for the Americans were again in motion to the northward, and Calumpit, the next town of any importance on the railway, had just been captured.

Music was requested, of course, and Luz, who seldom could be persuaded to demonstrate her finished performance, delighted her auditors with a rendition of classical scores, instead of the lighter and more popular pieces in which she generally indulged.

"Luz is playing her part, evidently I will talk to the old man. Try your luck with Juanita—but no cautions!" said Morley in a low tone to Beckwith, as he crossed the room, and started an animated discussion with Senor Roxas on the probability of the hemp ports in the Visayas soon being opened, the amount there awaiting shipment, and the probable course of prices when it reached the market.

Beckwith picked up Juanita's fan—a prettily painted silk affair, with Cupids tumbling head over heels amid a shower of roses, and began a gay conversation with her. When it seemed that Morley had fully engaged the father's attention, he abruptly changed the conversation.

"You sent for me—I am here. Trust me fully and talk rapidly."

The girl flashed a glance toward her father, and then breathed tremulously:

"Where is Senor Wadleigh?"

"He is at Calumpit, but he will be back at Malolos to-morrow."

"Will he be in Manila soon?"

"Probably for a few hours, in a day or two. We will both have our headquarters at Malolos, however, for some days yet. If you come there, you can depend upon us."

The girl's eyes shone with surprise and gratitude. "You know them?" she breathed.

"I know that your father is summoned to Malolos; I conjectured you might accompany him."

She shivered slightly. "I don't want to go—but how can I avoid it?"

"Trust me," Beckwith urged. "Tell me what it is you fear, and how we—my friend and I—can help you."

A vivid flush mounted to her very brow. "You know—you suspect—what Zumy means"

Beckwith shot his bow at a venture. "I fear he desires you to marry him—and you do not wish to do so. Is that true?"

The girl nodded, amid her embarrassed blushes.

"Then why not refuse?"

"Santissima Maria! I dare not!"

"Have no fear. Zumy is a prisoner of war. He can not make you marry him. He will not be allowed to do so, being a prisoner."

"But I dare not refuse!"

"Why not? I must know the truth in order to help you."

"My father is in his power!" whispered the girl, the unwilling tears sparkling on her dark lashes.

"His power counts for naught so long as he is a prisoner. Take courage!"

"No, no! You do not understand!"

"How can he constrain you or your father, at least so long as he is a prisoner?"

"Oh, Dios mio! How can I say it? You knew the Katipunan?"

"Yes; but what have they to do with it?"

"Manila is filled with men who have taken the blood oath. Zumy has only to send the word, and my father would die by their knives!"

Beckwith realized the situation with a shock. He saw that the Filipinos, through his leadership in the dread brotherhood, even though a prisoner, could still make himself feared. It was impossible to prevent his communicating with the natives in Malolos. Undoubtedly there were many of the blood brotherhood among them. It would be easy to send word to brothers in Manila; and the latter, in their blind and misguided devotion to this mysterious organization, would murder Senor Roxas without compunction.

Just then that gentleman seemed to awaken to the fact that Juanita and Beckwith were tete-a-tete, and kept his eye upon them. The young man saw that further parley would awaken suspicion. So he gayly began to importune the girl for some music, as her sister had ceased playing, and led her to the piano. She followed his lead, and struck into a dashing march. As he bent over to turn the leaves, he whispered in her little brown ear:

"Go to Malolos without fear. Both Wadleigh and myself will be there, and we will protect you with our lives!"

The girl gave him a grateful glance as she nodded her understanding of his words.

Then Senor Roxas came up, and after a little more music the young men took their leave, and made their way back to the club. They conversed on indifferent topics until they were alone, when Beckwith explained the situation to his friend.

"Sounds like a story of life in the Middle Ages, don't it?" remarked Morley. "How can men—even the poor little Filipinos—yield themselves to the domination of scoundrelly leaders of a secret organization, even to the extent of making themselves the murderous instruments of their personal revenge? I've no doubt it is fact, however. The little girl tells the horrid truth. But there is something more in it than she knows, I am afraid. That little Filipino devil up in your hospital has some secret hold on her father. That's the secret of it, I fancy."

"And the girl must be forced to marry Zumy to pay off the score?"

"Precisely. I am afraid your friend Wadleigh has unconsciously interfered in the matter. Zumy is a pretty good matrimonial catch. He is wealthy, as wealth goes among the natives. True, he's a thorough-paced little scoundrel, but those Tagalos are generally that. Probably, Juanita would have made no serious objection if she had not met Wadleigh, and been attracted by him. There's where the trouble comes in."

"Well, Morley, what can be done?"

"If you are determined to meddle in the matter you will simply have to watch your opportunity. The man is a prisoner, and wounded. You can, I fancy, prevent any marriage from taking place. Try a little game with the good padres up in Malolos. Have the general commanding the town notify them that no marriages are to be celebrated without his permission being first obtained. See that Zumy is not allowed to leave the hospital. The game is in your own hands I think."

"Why does he want the wedding to take place at once? If he has the screws ready to turn on the old man, why does he insist on haste?"

"Because he has a wholesome fear of the energy and resourcefulness of the American character. He could not appear in Manila, even if he had not fallen into your clutches. He knows that Wadleigh comes to the city, and he fears that he will marry the girl out of hand, even without the old man's consent. Pshaw! I'm getting more special antagonism to Wadleigh. It was he who took him prisoner down south of Camp Dewey, and kept him at Bacoor. That happened before Manila was taken, and Wadleigh didn't know such a person was in existence as Juanita Roxas. What is your explanation of that, old man?"

"The Lord only knows, and He won't tell. I have no theory to offer. Here's an American scouted in, a couple of days after his arrival, and while the insurrectos believed they were to be allies of the Americans. It's a mystery I could only solve by knowing the workings of the Tagalo mind—and I have given up endeavoring to understand that."

"Well, as to proceedings at Malolos. If Zumy finds that it is impossible to get married in Malolos, what will he try next? He will hold Roxas blameless, will he not?"

"Possibly. He might, however, imagine the old man had given the tip, and the prevention of the nuptials was the result. Or, what is more likely, he will blame you and your friend, and await his chance to get even. A Tagalo can wait patiently for vengeance, too."

"That does not trouble me. Colonel Zumy may try it on, and welcome. Besides, the rainy season is coming on, and that means a suspension of active military operations. I foresee we will both be recalled to the states by then—and I, for one, am quite ready to go. If I can only get Wadleigh afloat without having him make a fool of himself, I shall be happy."

"What? Do you mean me to understand that he is in earnest over pretty little Juanita?"

"More than half in earnest, I fear. And there's the trouble. He is an impressionable, hare-brained fellow. Without really intending it, he has the girl's affections more or less involved—and this snarl is the result."

"Well, he's a rare fool, if he really thinks of marrying a Manila girl," was Morley's blunt comment.

Beckwith returned to Malolos in the morning and took occasion to report faithfully to Colonel Zumy the answer given by Senor Roxas. The little Filipino's eyes sparkled as he overwhelmed the American with the thanks for the favor done him, and with high-flown protestations of his undying gratitude and esteem.

Beckwith took his leave as quickly as he could with politeness, and then betook himself to his quarters to await the coming of Wadleigh from Calumpit. He brought a budget of news, which the two summarized in cable dispatches and telegraphed to Manila for transmission. Then, the business of the day being over, Beckwith brought the matter on the carpet, and put his friend in possession of all the facts bearing on the perplexing situation.

Wadleigh did as any young and inexperienced man would under the circumstances—he got angry and fumed over the cowardice of Roxas, the generality of compelling Juanita to marry against her will, the imprudence of the Filipino colonel. In fact, he found fault with any and every person concerned, except the one most to blame—himself.

Beckwith sat silent, regarding his friend with somewhat cynical amusement, until the tempest of youthful wrath had spent itself. Then he took up his parable and began:

"Now, old man, having blown off your steam, listen to me. The situation is just this. If you had not come on the scene, Juanita would probably have married this Filipino without any ado. It seems to be the custom among people of their class in society for the parents to make the match and the children to obey dutifully.

"Now, we can prevent this marriage coming off in Malolos, and as both parties are decent Catholics, they will not think of being married except by a priest, in due church form. But you and I will probably start back to the States before long. When we depart, Juanita will probably yield to her father and marry Zumy. Have you thought of that?"

Another explosion of wrath was the reply.

"That's all very well as a means of relieving your feelings, but it don't change the situation a little bit. There is but one thing you can do that will be effective. That is to marry the girl yourself. But that's not plain sailing. One of the chaplains would tie the knot all right, according to the Protestant formula. But there's the girl again. She is a good Catholic, and no doubt would insist on being married in that church. There isn't a padre in Manila will perform the ceremony without her father's consent. How can you get that? He is not going to allow you to marry her, and thus incur the vengeance of our Katipunan friend over in the hospital. Pray

tell me what is the way you propose to get this thing straightened out."

"Oh, confound it, Beckwith! You are so infernally matter of fact!"

"In this case I admit it. It is a matter of cold, hard fact. Now, how are you going to get these facts out of the way?"

"Well, it don't have to be done to-day. Let's think about it. We don't have to decide on a course of action until our Manila friends come up here."

"Don't put off the decision too long. It is always wise to have your campaign mapped out before you begin the fighting."

"All right! But I'm hungry. Let's go to dinner, and then I can think better."

(To Be Continued.)

STEPHENS OF GREAT USE TO TOOMBS

Dr. F. H. Orme told me several good stories the other day about our oldtime statesman, says the Atlanta Constitution.

Among other anecdotes and incidents the doctor gave me some piquant reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens.

Toombs always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard, or availed himself of the labor of others, he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts were the result of the inspiration of the moment entirely offhand, without any special preparation for the occasion.

Once, when a very important debate was going on in the federal congress, Toombs made a magnificent speech which attracted everybody's attention.

It was not only an eloquent speech, but it was remarkable for its masterly array of facts and figures and its convincing arguments.

"You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesman's admirers.

"Well, I gave about two hours to it," Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent air.

Somebody repeated this to Stephens in the presence of several congressmen.

"Two hours!" he exclaimed, somewhat irritably. "Prepared that speech in two hours, did he? I spent two weeks on it. That's all I care to say."

Stephens had patiently and laboriously collected the statistics, and Toombs had merely added the flourishes.

The two great Georgians attended a national Democratic convention shortly before the war, and Stephens was confined to his bed just when he could least afford to be laid up.

After an important caucus Toombs visited his friend, and sat down by his bedside.

"Aleck," he said, "it was proposed to nominate you for vice president, but I told them that you did not want the office and would decline the nomination, so they took the other man."

"Toombs," replied the invalid, "when you told them that you knew you were lying."

RED-LETTER DAYS IN ENGLISH RACING

Since S. Arnull rode Diomed, the winner of the Derby in 1780, some extraordinary incidents have occurred in connection with this world famous race, to win which princes and peers have sacrificed huge fortunes without success.

An interesting anecdote in this connection is related by the biographer of Lord George Bentinck—Lord Beaconsfield. The former, after spending a lifetime in attempting to win the Derby, sold all his horses in disgust for a lump sum of £10,-000 down, and retired from racing without his ambition having been gratified. Included in the transaction was the Surplice, who, by a strange irony of fate, carried off the Derby of 1848.

Surplice afterward won the St. Leger, and a few days later Lord Bentinck was found dead on the estate at Welbeck.

Running Rein's—or, rather, Orlando's—Derby will ever be memorable on account of the gigantic fraud perpetrated by the most scoundrelly betting ring who ever entered Running Rein, the horse which finished first past the post. Lord Bentinck helped the owner of the second—Orlando—to sustain the objection which he lodged to the winner, and many interesting anecdotes are told of the former's perseverance in proving incontestibly that the supposed Running Rein was none other than a four-year-old named Macaroni. In this "Dirty Derby," as it has been called, another four-year-old named Leander also ran; but he had to be destroyed immediately after the race, as he had broken a leg coming round Tattenham Corner.

The "Snowstorm Derby" winner—Hermit—is generally talked of by old and young sportsmen when the great Epsom carnival comes round. Hermit started at the outside odds of 66 to 1 against, owing to a report that he was lame, and won in a snowstorm, ridden by Daley, who received a nice little present of £5,-000 from the owner.

When Bend Or won the Blue Riband for the late Duke of Westminster, the winner was immediately objected to, the allegation being that he was not the horse stated, but Tadcaster, and that the two had been changed when foals.

There was, of course, a tremendous amount of excitement over this unexpected contretemps, as a huge sum of money was at stake.

However, after thoroughly interrogating everyone connected, from the stud rooms upward, they decided in Bend Or's favor.

The latter afterward became additionally famous as the sire of the celebrated Ormonde.—Answers.

COSTLY TOOTHBRUSH.

"And so you really believe your shopping expeditions—I mean particularly your ones to the special sales—are in a strict line with economy?" he asked, as he settled back in the chair and watched her.

"Of course," she answered, smoothing out the folds of her dress, "of course they are. Didn't I buy a 50-cent toothbrush yesterday for 39 cents?"

"You saved exactly 11 cents," he said, after a pause. "But let us look at this matter in all its lights. As I said, you saved 11 cents. But we will commence at the beginning. You push your way in the crowded store. You see the special sale counter and fight your way to it, make your purchases and are happy. Your hair is mussed, your skirt is torn in two or three places and entirely disarranged when you finally get your change and board the car. When you get home you are cross to the baby and the servant, and you go to bed with a bad taste in your mouth. In the morning you are tired, aching and sore. Then you vent your spite on me, and all for 11 cents."

"But 11 cents saved is 11 cents earned," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"True," he said, "but what do you need with another toothbrush? I believe I have noticed several around the house."

She looked bewildered for a moment.

"I thought, perhaps, you would need it," she explained.

He laughed.

"Perhaps I will—some day. But just at the present time I am also well supplied."

His words were becoming cruel, and her lips were quivering. He knew it, and approached her. Then she cried. Her head was on his shoulder.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I'm a brute. Shop wherever you please. Buy all the toothbrushes you wish—"

But her choked voice interrupted.

"It isn't that," she sobbed; "but, oh, Jack, I just remembered that I left my pocketbook at the store!"

He smiled again.—Indianapolis Sun.

A Pertinent Question.

"Young man," said her father, "I deem it my duty to ask if it isn't about time that you were saying something."

"Cert!" replied the youth. "What are you going to have?"—Philadelphia North American.

It Was Lime Light.

Ida (reading)—And the lime light shone in her big blue eyes.

May—You mean love light?

Ida—No, dear; this heroine was a chorus girl.—Modern Society.

A Frank Father.

Green—I always tell my boy he can't go to the circus if he isn't good.

White—I never do.

Green—Why not?

White—Because he would never get to a circus unless I lied.—Detroit Free Press.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers would be free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, nor concerning prices of coins. 6.—No answers by mail.

Austria-Hungary.

"What is the cause of all the trouble in the empire of Austria-Hungary?"—W. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.

It arises out of the looseness of the organization of the dual empire. Each separate province has its own legislature, corresponding to our state legislatures. The Austrian provinces are represented in a body called the reichsrath, which, with its lower and upper chambers, is substantially identical with our Congress.

The Austrian senate more resembles the British house of lords. It is composed of princes of the imperial family of age, now numbering twenty; sixty-seven nobles, rich in landed property and enjoying hereditary right to sit in the senate on nomination by the emperor; ten archbishops, eight bishops of whose princely title is inherent in their sees and 136 life members nominated by the emperor on account of distinguished public service.

Thus heterogeneous, in part ecclesiastical, in part lay, in part aristocratic and in part democratic, the Austrian upper chamber lacks the homogeneity of the British upper chamber and lacks also the virility and elasticity of the senate of France, which is also a mixed body.

The Austrian lower house consists of 425 members of heterogeneous qualifications. In part by direct vote, in part by indirect, members are chosen to stand for land, for trade and commerce, for towns and for rural constituencies. Women possessed of property vote on the same terms as men voting on that qualification. A babel of race and language bigotry is added to mutual antagonisms of caste and province.

The fundamental note of discord is in the disparity of the basis of representation. Instead of a fixed aggregate of population or voters for a representative the unit varies, the average being one for 68,094 of the population. Upper Austria, Carinthia, Tyrol, Trieste, Salzburg, Gorz, and Gradisca and several others enjoy disproportionate power in the chamber as compared with Galicia and Bukowina. Bohemia is not content, although treated fully up to the average. Lower Austria has greatest reason for discontent.

Riotous obstruction is certain to continue to characterize the Austrian chamber, rendering legislation impossible. Budgets being an indispensable there as in other countries, Emperor Francis Joseph is reported to have resolved that the crown shall resume its ancient prerogative of legislation by edict.

Constitutional revision would be the natural political resort as viewed in the light of experience. That expedient would, however, involve Hungary and further complicate a situation the most intricate and bewildering that confronts any European monarchy.

The political future is reduced to despair by the conflict of races, tongues and traditions, whose pitfalls multiply as the personal question of inheritance of the imperial throne grows proximate.

Fremont, the Pathfinder.

"For what purpose and when did the government send expeditions under Gen. John C. Fremont to the Pacific coast, and what route did they pursue in going and returning?"—A. N. F., Huntley, Minn.

In 1842 Fremont, then an officer of the engineer corps, was sent by the War Department to conduct an expedition to explore the Rocky mountains, especially the South Pass, to find a safe pathway for travel. He left Washington on May 2, and in four months made the exploration required. He then determined to explore the then unknown region between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific, and set out in May, 1843, with 39 men. On September 6, after traveling 1,700 miles, he reached Great Salt Lake. His explorations corrected many erroneous ideas about this region, and promoted settlement. From Great Salt Lake he went to explore the Columbia river, the route having descended that valley to Fort Vancouver, and on Nov. 10 set out on his return. He was snow-bound in the Great Basin, and then turned westward and crossed the Sierra Nevada, reaching Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento, early in March, 1844. He then returned, crossing the Sierra Nevada and the Utah Basin, thence through South Pass. This was his third expedition, exploring the watershed between the Pacific and Mississippi, coming out at Monterey, California, where he took part in the assumption of control over that area by the United States, in the Mexican war. In 1848 he made a fourth expedition to find a route from the upper Rio Grande to California, reaching Sacramento in the spring of 1849.

Widows' Pensions.

"Will you kindly inform me if under the new pension law, a soldier's widow getting a pension of $8 per month under the law of 1890, without an income exceeding $50, is entitled to more and how much?"—S. M. E., Three Oaks, Mich.

No wish we could make our readers understand that the new law does not increase the pension of any widow whatever. The pension office, under an old ruling, would not allow a pension to any widow applying, whose other means of support were over $250 per year. The new law simply corrects this. Any widow is eligible to pension under the law of 1890 whose income is not over $200 per year.

The Needle's Eye.

"What did the Lord mean when he spoke of a needle's eye, in Luke xviii, 25?"—I. S. H., Salem, Ind.

The gates of Oriental cities are very heavy, and are closed at sunset. To accommodate government messengers and others, a very narrow door is made in the large gate, just large enough for a man to squeeze through. This is the "needle's eye," and a camel of course could not get through it.

Roosevelt's Name.

"Now that the convention is over, everybody wants to know just exactly how to pronounce Gov. Roosevelt's name —whether two or three syllables?"—W P. K., Nasbie, Va.

The writer spent a pleasant hour with Roosevelt at Akron, Ohio, last year, when he made a speech there in the interests of the state Republican campaign, and asked him the question. He pronounces his name "Rose-velt," the "Rose" being pronounced the same as the name of the flower. The name is Dutch, and means "Rose field."

Destroyed Silver Certificates.

"If a silver certificate of the United States should become burned or lost, what would become of the silver dollar which was deposited in the Treasury and how long before it would be disposed of?"—H. S. P., Reno, O.

The silver dollars would remain on deposit in the Treasury indefinitely—that is, until Congress passed a law ordering them to be turned over into the general fund, to be expended for public purposes.

Worms in Well.

"We have a well that was troubled by angle worms. Last year we had it all cleaned out, crocks put in and graveled up, with a new iron pump, but they trouble us worse than ever. Can you tell me a remedy?"—C. S., Ament, Mich.

We submit the question to the great Blade family, and if any of them can give a remedy, we shall be glad to publish it.

The Passion Play.

"What is the Passion play, or what does it represent, and why are some people, especially those who are religiously inclined, object to it being played on the stage?"—J. L. L., Logansport, Ind.

The famous Passion Play of Oberammergau, Bavaria, was instituted in 1633 in accordance with a vow registered by the inhabitants when the plague, which was then ravaging Bavaria, was miraculously stayed in their village in answer to their prayers. The next time the representation of the Passion of Our Lord has been given every 10 years with hardly an exception, and every decade more and more persons crowd to the little Bavarian mountain village, drawn thither alike by the love of art, by religious sentiment, or simply by curiosity to see this survival of the medieval miracle play.

Many of the principals are new this year. Josef Mayer, who was Christus three times, has had to give up the part, owing to advancing age. His place is now taken by Anton Lang, a young unmarried man of 25 years, whose personal appearance is strikingly suited to the part. He is said to be fully Mayer's equal in acting. The Virgin Mary is personified this year by Anna Flunger, the daughter of the village postmaster, and Bertha Well, an innkeeper's daughter, takes the part of Mary Magdalene. Josef Mayer now recites the prologue with which each act opens.

Six hundred and eighty-five persons take part in the performance, of whom 50 are women and 200 children, but only 125 have speaking parts. The play lasts eight hours, beginning in the morning at 8 o'clock and ending about 5:30, with an interval of one hour and a half in the middle of the piece. The dress rehearsals took place on May 20, and the first regular performance on May 24. It will be repeated at intervals of once or twice a week until the end of September. This year access to Oberammergau has been greatly facilitated by the opening of an electric railway from Murau, which lands the traveler within a few paces of the theatre. Special trains for the play are run from Munich, the journey taking about three hours.

The play represents the life and sufferings of Christ. The word "Passion" is from the Latin "passus," suffering. An attempt was made some years ago to produce a version of it in a New York theater, but it was given up, as the religious sensibilities of the people were shocked by the representation of Christ on the stage.

Boone's Wife.

"Who was Daniel Boone's wife, of what nationality, and was her father a soldier in the Continental army?"—T. M. B., Montesano, Wash.

Boone married Rebecca Bryan, somewhere about 1755, but we can find no facts about her ancestry. Does any reader know?

Cats and Bridges.

"Is it a fact that caution is used to prevent a cat from crossing a long bridge? If so, why?"—W. T. W., Alton, Ill.

No possible harm can come to bridge, cat or anything else from a cat's crossing any bridge, long or short. Don't you think it is about time to drop such silly superstitions?

Our Population.

J. F. D., Steele City, Neb., and W. J. W., Shields, Ore.: We stated some time ago that, as a number of newspapers were having guessing contests on the population of the United States, that we would answer no questions bearing on that topic. All that we can say is, that the estimate of the treasury department on April 1 last, was that our population was then 77,395,000.

Receiving Papers.

"When a publisher sends a newspaper after the time expires for which the subscriber paid, can he collect pay after the time for which the subscriber paid?"—H. E. P., Parsons, N. M.

There is no special law on the subject, nor is any needed. If you don't want the paper any longer, notify the postmaster in writing that you do not wish it, and will not take it from the office. He will notify the publisher. Do not allow the paper to be taken from the office. Then let the publisher threaten all he pleases. He cannot collect a cent.

No one need fear to take The Blade out of the postoffice. None are sent out unless paid for in advance. If a copy comes to you, be sure some one has paid for it, or it would not be sent.

About Bryan.

C. L. P., Dadeville, Mo.: In the campaign of 1896, the story went the rounds of the papers that Wm. J. Bryan's father was one of the knights of the golden circle, and statements were made over the signatures of men who claimed to know the facts. That is all we know about it. Bryan was elected to Congress but once, and we believe he was elected on the Democratic ticket. That he is Populist at present is shown by his acceptance of the Populist nomination for President. We do not know of any reason to his membership in secret societies. He attends the Presbyterian church, it is said, but his religious views are not involved in the campaign.

Good Inks.

"Please give a recipe for making black ink that will not rot out pens, as the ink bought in bottles does."—G. W. R., Shawnee, Tenn.

You can buy a good non-corrosive ink much cheaper than you can make it. Get some bookkeeper or stationer to recommend such an ink. Here is a formula:

Aleppo galls, well bruised, 4 ounces; clean, soft water, one quart. Put the galls in the water and leave there 10 days, shaking frequently, in a clean, corked bottle. Then add 2½ ounces gum arabic, dissolved in a wine glassful of water; lump sugar, one-half ounce; then add 1½ ounces sulphate of iron, crushed small. Shake frequently for several days, then pour off the ink, not allowing any grounds to pass.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. L., Hayfield, Pa.: It is impossible for us to give you the desired directions.

Subscriber, Servia, W. Va.: We can not find the author or the entire poem, though we have tried.

J. J. Tekmah, Neb.: Apply to Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

W. W. Coldwater, Mich.: The United State land officers in Minnesota are at Cookston, Duluth, Marshall and St. Cloud.

B. W., Indiana: We do not know. Write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., and inquire.

B. M. J., Lamb, Mich.: There is no way of finding the religious views of the senators except by your writing to each one and asking him the question.

L. S. A., Hanoverton, O.: Any book seller can order for you a cheap book on taxidermy, which will tell you far better than we can in the limited space we have.

N. B. S., Mannington, W. Va.: The United States government has never spent a dollar for canal excavation at the isthmus of Panama, or of Nicaragua, and no such condition as you mention was ever made.

T. D. P., Henry, Tenn.: There is nothing in the New Testament which tells what became of John the Baptist's head, and there is no account of him given anywhere else in history. Hence nobody knows.

J. A. S., Harrisville, N. Y.: Southern Indiana is warmer than Northern New York. The season is at least three weeks earlier. There is malarial disease in Southern Indiana and lung diseases in Northern New York.

L. R. B., Darrstown, W. Va.: The supreme court of the United States decided in effect that the Kentucky matter was one in which it has no power. The election was under the forms of law, and the people of Kentucky must mend the matter themselves. The Blade published the decision at the time.

Thomas Jogged His Memory.

A certain elderly gentleman suffered much from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant, "Thomas," he would constantly say, "I have just been looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is," whereupon the obliging Thomas invariably made suggestions. "Was it your purse, or spectacles, or cheque book, sir?" and so on, till he hit on the right object.

One night after the old gentleman had retired, the bell rang for Thomas, and on reaching the bed room he found his master rambling restlessly about the room.

"Thomas, Thomas," he said, "I came up here for something, and now I've forgotten what!"

"Was it to go to bed, sir?" suggested his faithful retainer.

"Ah! the very thing—the very thing! Thank you, Thomas. Good night!"—London Titbits.

Possible Explanation of It.

"I wonder what's the matter with Willie Jenkins. He's been getting into all sorts of mischief of late, especially Thursday afternoons."

"Oh, that's easily explained. That's the afternoon Mrs. Jenkins goes to a mothers' meeting to discuss the proper method of child education and discipline."—Chicago Post.

More Reasonable.

He wanted the moon when he was a child—

Cried for it for all he was worth;

He's a grown man now and his wants are more mild,

For he merely desires the earth.

—Philadelphia Press.

"He That Stays Does the Business."

All the world admires "staying power." On this quality success depends. The blood is the best friend the heart has. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the blood ever had; cleanses it of everything, gives perfect health and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

QUEER ADULTERANTS.

Europeans Fix Up Their Foods With Weird, Strange Things.

There is a knack in the adulteration of foods, and the Old World has caught it. The most rabid Yankeephobists over there are almost reconciled to accepting the good foodstuffs imported from America when they learn what wild, weird things are put into their home-made foods. When coffee is made out of a mixture of stove rust, tanbark, clay, sawdust, chicory, coffee sediment and coffee meal, together with some sticky stuff that makes it all into a berry, then, indeed, it must be conceded that the Europeans have a decided talent for adulteration. James T. Du Bois, our consul general in St. Gall, Switzerland, in a report to the State department, says that "if all of the substances that pass through a continental coffee grinding machine during the year should be written in alphabetical order A would begin the list with acorns and W would end it with wormwood, sprouts of which are sometimes used to give the debased coffee a slight aromatic bitter taste. Unroasted coffee berries are often made from oat and rye flour and cornmeal. The natural aroma of these grains is destroyed by some process, and after the proper amount of coffee aroma is added the berries are formed and caused to maintain their shape by some adhesive substance."

Cheese which in some parts of Europe is considered good enough for eating is made from potatoes that are worthless for marketing purposes, milk of all qualities and stages and blood from slaughter houses. Tea is made from the leaves of the strawberry, linden and sage, and, Mr. Du Bois observes, 'Should it be found that all of the leaves belong to the tea plant that will be no proof that adulteration has not taken place, for the clever Chinese have a trick of using the old leaves of brewed tea for the export trade, and some of the tea dealers of Europe have discovered the deception and are utilizing the trick by preparing these leaves themselves."

In many localities beer is found to contain these charming ingredients: Chicory, pine sprouts, camomile, henbane, wild cherries, poppy heads, guinea grains, boxwood, potash, vitriol of iron, alum, licorice, solution of tartar and linseed. Some of these substances help to make the beer heavier and more stimulating, and from the large quantity consumed it would seem that this is what the people demand.

The weight of bread is increased by soaking the dough heavily in water and by baking quickly. Potato meal mixed with the flour does not necessarily make an unwholesome bread, although it lessens its nourishing power. Alum and blue vitriol are used to improve the appearance of bread.

Americans are somewhat used to the knowledge that a supply of water is a convenient adjunct to a milkman's plant, but in Europe they put soap in the milk to restore the color after it has been washed out by the water. Golden butter is made by adding the juice of carrots, and the weight of the butter is increased by leaving a certain quantity of water in the stuff.

Some of the wine that is consumed in Europe never has contained a drop of grape juice, and many of the liquors contain hardly a drop of the genuine article. Much of the wine on the market is from pressings several removes from the first, and is amplified by the sap of plums, cherries, apples, berries of various kinds and water. Potato syrup dissolved in rain water and mixed with the refuse of the wine and cider press makes a salable beverage, and some persons are satisfied with the aroma and stimulating qualities of this artificial wine. The desired color and bouquet are obtained by mixing wine acids with cream of tartar.

Not a third of the honey eaten in Europe is made by bees, nor can it be with the present stock of bees. So "dishonoring of honey," as it is called, is a growing art, and the people seem to like the product. Syrups, malt extracts of the lowest grades, meal of various kinds and cornstarch, when added to a pound of honey, will make five to ten pounds of "dishonest honey."

Chocolate and cacao are adulterated with mutton tallow, lowest grade sugar, shells of the cacao bean, sawdust, potato meal and ochres containing the proper colors.

Woman's Wiles.

"Madam," said the gentlemanly census agent, "I am sorry to say that the law will not permit me to register you as being 20 years of age, instead of 38, as you request."

"But," said the lady, "what is the difference? The law simply directs you to put it down, does it not?"

Whereupon she smiled sweetly, and the census agent was so confused that he "put it down" to 18, that being the difference.—Baltimore American.

Washington Bred America's First Mule From Royal Stock

In speaking in Frank Leslie's Monthly of mules, Martha McCulloch-Williams says: "It seems a paradox to couple Spain and George Washington as factors in a result, yet to them jointly the United States owes its mules. When Washington put away the sword to receive a world's applause he gave his whole mind to the fine art of being a country gentleman. As such he lent an eager ear to travelers' tales which suggested betterments for the land and those who live by it. Thus he heard of mules taht were mules, the riding mules of Africa, the pack mules bred in France and the Spanish mules, good to any use of edifying. An ambition seized him to breed such beasts himself. Just then the kings of France and Spain were his good friends. Soon he received from them a brace of pure-bred jacks, each accompanied by two jennets. Knight of Malta, the French king's present, came from the island of his own name. Royal Gift, the king of Spain's choice, of course came from the royal stables and duly merited his appellation. In those days Mr. Washington could set what fashion pleased him. Pretty soon, the mutual adaptation of negro and mule made itself so apparent, the beast's future was secure—at least throughout the south country. Neither asses nor mules thrive in cold regions. The historic parallel, 36 degrees 30 minutes, down which mark the limits of successful mule raising. That limit is rather an isotherm, with a normal mean temperature of 50 degrees in winter and 85 in summer. Mules are bred in some sort in every stock region of Pennsylvania, yet three states lead in production—Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee.

—If you don't feel quite well, try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a wonderful tonic and invigorator. It will help you.

TIN PLATE INDUSTRY SAVES US MILLIONS

Since the establishment of the tin plate industry in the United States, there has been saved to this country upwards of $100,000,000. We used to import Welsh tin plate, made by the Welsh trust, to the value of $20,000,000 a year. The Welsh tin plate trust is not subject to our laws, and pays nothing in the way of taxation toward the United States treasury. Still the Democratic party fought tooth and nail against taking away the trade from them and giving it to American factories.

Gas Coal Prices in Germany.

German gas companies pay $11 a ton for Australian coal and from $5.95 to $9.52 for English.

MISS TERRY REPORTED SLAIN IN CHINA

The suspense attending the fate of Dr. Edna G. Terry, the Methodist medical missionary, reported to have been murdered at Tsunhua, 100 miles northeast of Tientsin, is still unrelieved.

At Miss Terry's home in Port Jefferson, L. I., there is the greatest anxiety. Her mother, who is staying at Mount Vernon, is hoping almost against hope that she left the scene of disturbance some time ago and is now on her way home. The last letter from her was dated April 29 and contained no reference to any disturbances.

Miss Terry was born at Southport, L. I., but she was still a child when her parents moved to Port Jefferson. After completing her education at Moody's school at Northfield, Mass., she attended a medical college in Boston in order to fit herself to become a medical missionary. In 1887 she went to China and opened a hospital and dispensary which is now one of the most important institutions in the mission field. In 1891 she made her first visit home, returning to China the following year.

Dr. Terry's companion, Miss Croucher, is a graduate of the Boston university, and was sent to China in 1896.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, received yesterday a letter from John W. Cridler, third assistant secretary of the treasury, stating that a cable from Mr. Conger reported that up to the 11th inst. all the missionaries at Pao-Ting-Fu were safe, and that the Chinese government had sent troops for their protection. No cases of violence to missionaries, Mr. Cridler said, had yet been reported.

A. Rothstein, director of the International Commercial and the Russo-Chinese banks of St. Petersburg, who is in conference with bankers in New York city, expressed the opinion yesterday that there was little danger to be feared from the Boxers, and that the agitation would soon die out.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Meaning of Thoroughbred.

G. R., Tennessee: A thoroughbred is the descendant of animals originally of mixed lineage, but which have been inter-bred for so long a time, without further admixture that they come essentially true to the type desired. A pure bred is an animal of unmixed lineage, which breeds pure to type in form, color and temper.

Will Not Get With Calf.

I. N. B., Iowa: Put your cow on short pasture and give her a handful of Glauber salts every other day for a week. Begin feeding a pint of hemp seed every day, beginning three weeks before she comes in heat. Continue feeding the hemp seed for a month after she has been in heat and put to the bull. She should be served by a young, vigorous bull and if this fails a mongrel should be tried. If the cow is thin in flesh, she must be fattened a little, but if fat, she must be reduced in flesh.

Dog Has Fits.

H. A. B., Pennsylvania: The dog is subject to these kind of fits—from teething or worms; from apoplexy, (which is usually fatal) and from brain trouble. Give your dog from 1 to 3 tablespoonfuls of castor oil according to his size. The Cyclopedia of Live Stock recommends giving, after half an hour, 2 drachms bromide of potash and six ozs. of water. Give a tablespoonful every two hours till the oil operates, and if there are more fits, continue this for 12 hours or even longer; but if the fits do not return give three times a day for two days. If fever and brain trouble follow the fit, give this: 6 ozs. elixir bromide of potassium, 3 drachms tincture of gelsemium. Mix, and give a teaspoonful every two hours until the brain symptom has abated; then drop off to three times a day, continuing for two days more. If you find the dog has worms, give this after the oil: 20 drops of oil of male fern and 1 tablespoonful of olive oil. Give as one dose.

Butter Slow in Coming.

L. E. H., Ohio: You may keep your milk at an uneven temperature, and the cream held too long from souring. Where sour and sweet cream are mixed and not properly stirred, the acidity is not uniform and buter is long in coming. The milk may be allowed to stand too long before skimming. A very essential thing is salt. The cow should have a piece of rock salt placed where she may lick it at will. Milk, when set aside for cream, should be kept at an uniform temperature—about 60 degrees. The temperature of the cream, when sent to the churn, should be about 60 degrees. Cream that is allowed to get too sour will cause trouble. It should be taken from milk at different times. The cream should be well stirred in the cream pot at every addition. In churning, the motion should be neither too quick nor too slow. If the motion be too quick, the butter will make and unmake. Rapid motion induces fermentation. If the motion be too slow, the agitation in the cream fails to produce the desired separation of the component parts of the cream, and after much time spent, the churner is as far from the butter as at the beginning. As the average time for drying a cow before she comes in is about six weeks, it will not be long before you will begin to dry her, so that you need not feel any aprehension about the butter not coming quickly, as she will give you milk, the cream from which will churn to butter as usual. Heavy milkers may be milked to within about three weeks of the time of calving.

Something Wrong With Milk.

J. A. B., Pennsylvania: The system of your cow is not in perfect condition. Give her a pound of Epsom salts in 2 quarts of warm (not hot) water, in which a cupful of molasses is stirred. After this operates give her 1 oz. hyposulphite of soda in cut feed or bran every day for a week. You must immerse every pan in which the milk is kept in boiling water, and afterward wipe dry with a clean cloth, in order to clean out the bacteria.

Horse Has Sick Spells.

J. D. F., Nebraska: Your horse is subject to attacks of spasmodic colic. This results from food that is hard to digest; foreign bodies in the bowels; large drinks of cold water when the horse is warm, driving a heated horse through deep streams, cold rains, draughts of cold air, etc. Give the horse a full pint of raw linseed oil. Also administer 2 ozs. of sulphuric ether and 2 ozs. of alcohol in 8 ozs. of water. Keep the body warmly clothed until all pain has ceased. Injections of soap, soapy water, in addition to the remedies named, are beneficial, but this should be done by a veterinarian.

Hind Legs Stock.

J. W. K., Michigan: Foment the legs for three hours with vinegar and water, equal parts, to which add 2 ozs. of nitrate of potassa for each gallon. Dry well, bathe the legs with camphorated soap liniment, and wrap with strips of soft cloth. Give half ounce doses of nitrate of potassa in the drinking water every six hours, for two days, not at night. Give bran mashes and complete rest for two days. Take the horse out for a short walk during the day, hand-rubbing the legs before doing so. Bring the horse back gradually to full feed. Hand rub the legs before taking him out for eight or ten days.

To Fatten Rapidly.

S. W., South Dakota: Your ration of corn and barley mixed is as good a fattening food as any. You should increase the quantity some in feeding your steer with the broken leg. Two quarts of barley and corn is hardly sufficient. Add a little oil meal to it. The grass is all right.

Scaly Trees—Small, Green Lice.

G. W. C.—For the rough appearance of the bark of your trees, wash them with a strong solution of soap, and repeat in a month. For the green lice spray the leaves thoroughly with kerosene emulsion. This is made as follows: Kerosene, 2 gallons; whale oil soap (or one quart soft soap) ½ lb.; water, 1 gallon. Dissolve the soap in boiling water and add the hot solution, away from the fire, to the kerosene. Agitate violently for five minutes by pumping the liquid back upon itself with a force pump, until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream. Well made, the solution will keep for any length of time. Dilute only when needed, with water at the rate of one part of emulsion to 15 parts of water.

Seems To Be Getting Poll Evil.

J. D. H., Maryland:—Give the mare a physic of one pint of raw linseed oil. After this operates, if the indurations have been there for only a short time, keep the part affected well wet with this lotion: Tincture of arnica, 2 ozs.; vinegar, 2 ozs.; water, 1 quart. Lay cloths on the swelling and wet them frequently. If the inflammation is overcome, the hardness remaining can be dissipated by rubbing with this: Iodine, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. If pus forms, when the part fluctuates, open the part to the bottom with a sharp knife; foment with water as hot as the hand will bear, pressing the pus out gently every day, keeping the wound open for a week, then inject with this: Chloride of zinc, 15 grains; water, 1 quart. You should try first to disperse the inflammation with a cooling lotion, then apply the iodine ointment.

Colt's Naval Swollen.

S. E. S., Ohio: When your colt jumped over the board partition it no doubt hurt itself, and is suffering from umbilical hernia, the abdominal wall at the umbilical (naval) opening being weak, from its being the lowest part of the floor of the abdomen when the animal is standing. Umbilical hernia is common in foals. It appears as a soft mass when pressed upon by the fingers. You must be very careful about lancing it as you may penetrate the bowel. As pus is running from the point at which you lanced it, bathe the part three times a day with a little warm water, vinegar and salt. Press the pus out gently, and when the pus ceases to run, lay the colt on its back as easily as possible, gently push the bowel up into the abdomen, and then take a piece of cork in size slightly less than the opening, and round off one end, and plug the hole with it. The cork must not be long. When the hole has been plugged by the rounded end of the cork, take a piece of strong linen, with melted pitch upon it, and apply it over the hernia area. Now pass a wide band of linen around the body to hold the cork and plaster in place. Where the band meets on top fasten it with small buckles. This may be worn for two or three months. Hernia in colts frequently disappears as the animal grows older. Be sure the part has healed well before you apply the cork. There are several ways of treating hernia, but the above will answer. In a case of this kind it will be well for you to call a veterinarian. The animal may have received injury that may require great attention.

Filly's Shoulder Shrunk.

I. L., Ohio: When your filly ran around the field with a piece of board hanging to her she may have injured the tendons of her legs. Be sure that they are all right before applying anything to the shoulders. If you find the legs and feet sound then treat the atrophied or shrunken part. To do this apply water as hot as the hand will bear to the shrunken part and around the joint, three times a day for half an hour for three days. Dry well after each fomentation, and apply this once a day for four days. Red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Wash off before each application with warm water and soap, dry well, and reapply. Heal with unsalted lard or vaseline. The filly should be tied so as to prevent her biting at her shoulders while the sweating blister is being used.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Some Things to Remember.

Editor Blade Farmstead: No one lives long enough to know it all. Any one who keeps his eyes and ears open will learn something new every day of his life.

Most farmers don't know how to economize, nor do they make use of the means at hand. The Bible says there is a time for everything—a time to sow, a time to reap—but some things are neglected at the expense of others. There is no gain in buying, year after year, things which the farmer can raise at home, especially in seeds. There is about 500 per cent profit on packet seeds. This can be saved. June 20 is the time to plant beans, not before this, for field varieties, soup and white kidney beans. The reason for this is when the beans are in bloom the time for the bean weevil has passed, and the beans will not be buggy. Early beans for seed may be planted 15 days later. Early peas at the same time. Late peas for seed should be planted June 25.

Early sweet corn for seed has always done best for me planted July 1.

My experience in sowing melons, cucumbers, pumpkins and squashes, is that seed five years old will produce fruit nearer the hill, sometimes right on top of the hill, than seed one year old. I would rather have old cabbage seed than new. Of course some seeds lose their vitality after the first year. Seeds as a rule sold in packets can not be relied on. All that are not sold are returned, all sealed packets are opened and the seeds put in clean papers, and are sent out next year; so that the seeds may travel all over the United States before being sold.

Melons, cucumbers, squashes and pumpkins will mix if planted near each other, and will in time be unfit to use.

The merchants who buy seeds in bulk place their orders in October, so that all my farmer friends who intend to sell should get in on the ground floor.

When I was a city man I had a patch of ground 10x20 feet. From this we got the most of our vegetables. I got a sugar barrel, took out both heads and planted the barrel to the third hoop in the ground—then filled barrel with manure. All around the outside of the barrel, in the ground, I planted cucumbers. All of our wash water went into the barrel. When the cucumbers came up they were turned up over the barrel on stakes four feet high. Everybody stopped to admire our cucumbers. We gathered from one to three gallons of pickles a day. It was quite a source of revenue. Now is the time to do likewise.

To kill the larvae of bean weevil, or any other insect or bug or small animal, place a small quantity of bisulphide of carbon in a saucer. Place in the mouth of sack, or bin; tie up sack or close the lid, for rats, mice, gophers or prairie dogs, put into their holes and cover up with a board. The sulphide is heavier than air and goes downward.

Some of my boys of The Blade would like to try fishing. This is a secret. Don't tell anybody when you go fishing, and they wont bite. Get five cents worth of oil of rolium; put three or four drops of this in your bait can.

A young friend and I spent two days on the Darby creek of Ohio. It was not a good time to fish. I caught them by the wholesale. He did not get any. Finally I gave him some of my bait; then he pulled them out.

Do your horses shoulders get sore? Try axle grease. It is the best thing I ever tried. You can work your horses every day and they will get well.—W. M. Woodworth, Sycamore, Indiana.

More About the Sparrow.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In The Blade of June 21 I notice an article written by Mr. Reynolds who appears

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

In the opening chapter of a volume entitled Spencer and Spencerism, the author, Mr. Hector Macpherson, declares that "the intellectual contribution which each century makes to the progress of the world, takes its hue from the dominating influence of its leading thinkers. True greatness is epoch-making. If we wish to discover the place of a thinker in the great evolutionary chain, we must appy the epoch-making test."

Applying this test in his present work, he goes on to say: "The dominating idea of the last half of the nineteenth century is Evolution—an idea so far-reaching in its influences, so mesmeric in its power, that at its touch all other ideas crystalize round it and, as if by magic yield to its potent sway. The thinker with whom history will imperishably associate the idea of Evolution is Herbert Spencer."

The author in this endeavor to present to the general reader Spencerism in a lucid, coherent, shape and one which he can grasp without the labor involved by the study of the great philosopher's own writings, begins by outlining the latter's early life and its intellectual environment. The leading characteristics of Comte, Mill and Huxley, are given, and a sketch of the struggle with the materialistic school of thinkers which met Spencer in the beginning of his career.

Spencer and Spercerism is published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

Lillian Bell opens the account of her travels in foreign lands, with an apology for what she calls the frank conceit of the title of her book which is named, As Seen by Me.

The record covers two years of journeying over some thirty thousand miles, and the writer presents people and things, not as other people have seen them, but as she saw them herself.

Her experiences are described in a series of bright and witty word-pictures which are not only entertaining, but at times exceedingly humorous. It is a book of travels with all dry details and statistics left out, and will be found very readable.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

In the pretty series of The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans comes one of Stephen Decatur, written by Cyrus Townsend Brady. In his preface he says:

"Stephen Decatur was the most conspicuous figure in the naval history of the United States for the hundred years between Paul Jones and Farragut. While the fame of most of the early naval captains, who shed such imperishable luster upon American arms by their exploits on the sea, rests upon a single battle, Decatur, in at least three of our early wars, was the hero of a half dozen adventurous undertakings, any one of which would have given a fair claim to immortality."

This is the spirit in which Mr. Brady has written this little record of a brave man's life, and it may be valued accordingly.

The Beacon Biographies are edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe and published by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston.

A book of contradictions, one may say, is Mr. James Newton Baskett's latest novel entitled As the Light Led, inasmuch as it is perpetually surprising the reader by its contrasts of strength and weakness, of fine literary style and crudity. Why the author should exhibit such varying phases of work in a single volume is an enigma, but it is only just to add that through it all he has managed never to let entirely go his hold upon the vital thread which holds the interest to the end.

The story is of the times just after the Civil War and the theme is life in the country. The principal character, and the real center of the plot, is Nannie Ditmer, a wayward girl, wholly undisciplined, but with many good impulses that eventually have their way in her life, and bring her into a noble womanhood. However fleeting and superficial some of the characters appear—and it must be confessed there are those who are little more than dolls stuffed with sawdust—Nannie is always real, always present, her own true, loving self under all circumstances. Through her intense love for Bent Hickman, her spiritual growth is attained.

As the Light Led is published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

A new historical novel which comes from Little, Brown & Co., Boston, is written by Charles Fleming Embree who names his book A Dream of a Throne. The story is one of a Mexican revolt during the year 1846, and deals with a popular Mexican uprising, in the Lake Chapala region, led by Vincente who is the son of the last daughter of the ancient royal house which, in the province of Guadalajara, corresponds to the house of Montezuma in the Aztec capital. Opposed to him is Roderigo, an American in the service of the Mexican government.

The story is one of adventure, love and war, but aside from its romantic interest the writer's description of Mexican life and customs, together with his pictures of the scenery at Lake Chalpala, are vivid and full of color.

It is a good story and a well written one, with sharply contrasted characters and glowing word pictures of this land of ancient civilization.

Several years ago, before Gilbert Parker had won his great reputation as a novelist, he wrote a story which was published as a serial. It now appears in book form with the title of An Unpardonable Liar. The tale is well told as would be expected, having, however, more of the characteristics of the short story than those of a novel.

The plot hinges upon a sudden discovery by a young girl of what she believes to be the treachery of her lover. She throws him over and then many complications arise, the detail of which makes up the chapters of the volume. The scene of the happenings is in Herridon, wherever that may be, a place of summer resort, and the end of them all will bring a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret to the readers. The style of the telling has the charm that belongs to everything coming from Mr. Parker's pen. The book is very prettily gotten up by Charles H. Seigel Company, Chicago.

Percy White's novel, The West End, is a novel of English society, the scenes of which are laid in London, and the events relate to the affairs of the Treadaway family. This little group is made up of the father and mother, a son and daughter, together with a "poor relation," a nephew acting as private secretary to the elder Treadaway. The latter has made an enormous fortune out of a superior quality of jam, and, becoming ambitious for his children, he decides to build a magnificent palace in London's fashionable West End, with the view of gaining entrance to the exclusive society circles of England.

The book is cleverly written, and Rupert is a character whom the author has endowed with a dry humor and philosophy which enable him to tell the story of the Treadaway fortunes in a way which should prove interesting to those who care for tales of English city life.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

Congressman Hardie is a political novel and a love romance, written by Courtney Wellington, who expounds his views upon politics, trusts, free silver, women's rights, and a number of other vital questions of the day. In short, the writer has tried to tell all he thinks and knows, and attempts to crowd it into a single volume.

The author had a good enough idea for the foundation of his novel, that of an innocent girl who came into the keeping of an honorable man, but he has tried to tell too much and has detracted from his story without making a strong impression with his views upon political economy.

As to the literary style, there is none, for the book bears all the marks of a prentice hand.

Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York.

The heroine of the group of short stories entitled A Diplomatic Woman, is represented as young and fascinating, and as unprincipled as are all characters of that ilk who engage in doubtful intrigue in the cause of diplomacy.

The fair heroine devotes her talents to spying out secrets connected with affairs of state and involves herself in a coil of adventure, from which she is always extricated by the author in order that another story may be told about her diplomatic experiences. The stories are written by some one who signs the name Huan Mee—which, by the way, sounds like a contraction of the words "you and me"—and while the narratives do not belong to a high order of literature, they are smoothly written and sufficiently clever to be amusing.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

Henry Kitchell Webster's novel, The Banker and the Bear, is a story of a corner in lard and the financial operations it brought about in Chicago banks and on the Board of Trade.

The story is centered upon a small group of people, each of them widely differentiated in character, and all playing their individual parts with an energy and verve suited to the American life of the present. There is necessarily a sameness in novels of speculation, but Mr. Webster's book is rather out of the ordinary, though his speculators are men who have their counterparts in the world's great money marts. Taking it all together, it is an exciting and absorbing story, which is likely to attract the attention of many readers.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

Leo Ditrichstein's historical novel, The Song of the Sword, was presented a year ago at Daly's theatre as a play, and possesses all the well-known features of the war drama. In this case, the events and situations are connected with Napoleon Bonaparte's Italian campaign in 1798, and the scenes are laid in Italy, but like characters and action have already been made familiar by the popular dramas of the civil war.

The tramp of stage soldiers, the roar of stage connon, and the behind-the-scenes click-clack of horses' hoofs echo throughout the book. However, the story is smoothly written and very readable, never being allowed to drag for lack of exciting incident. The fine illustrations are made from photographs of the play, as it was produced with Virginia Harned as the heroine, and the volume is very prettily put together by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York.

A Rise in the World is the title of a story by Adelina Sargeant, which is published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York city. Elizabeth Clarke is first seen by the reader as an ignorant, unkempt nursemaid, who has yet some quality of character that enables her to win the heart of a young man whose life is saved by her careful nursing.

The marriage is a secret one, but comes by accident to the knowledge of his mother a lovely, gracious, but unworldly woman, who, unlike many in such a position, thinks it a duty to take her home, acknowledge her as the wife of her son, and make the best of what is a terrible grief and disappointment.

The plot is a good one, though not especially original, giving the pleasant impression that Miss Sargeant's stories always produce. A leisure hour can be very will filled by the reading of A Rise in the World.

The Second Froggy Fairy Book, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, is a very pretty volume of stories for children, which tell of a little girl's adventures in fairly land and the frog kingdom. The child is named Elsie, and the first chapter contains an account of her going to the sea-shore with her parents and how upon finding herself alone one afternoon she took her parrot in its cage and ran away to the ocean beach. There the parrot flies away, and Elsie falls asleep, and, in her dreams, gets into all sorts of trouble, waking up in her father's arms just as she is about to be devoured by a terrible sea-serpent.

The other stories are equally as fanciful and as prettily told, and the dainty illustrations of Elsie among the fairies butterflies, and the "froggies" are sure to be pleasing to the little ones. Interspersed with the tales are a number of comic rhymes and poems which are an added feature of attraction. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Books Received.

From F. M. Buckles company, New York city:

A Rise in the World, By Adeline Sargeant. $1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Secret of the Crater. By Duffield Osborne. 50 cts.

From John P. Morton and company, Louisville:

Food for the Sick. By Edwin Charles French, M. D. $1.00.

From the Macmillan company, New York:

Letters to the Farm Boy. By Henry Wallace. $1.00; and

European Travel for Women. By Mary Cadwalder Jones. $1.00.

From Dodd, Mead and company, New York:

Paris. By Esther Singleton. $1.50; and The International Year Book. Edited by Prof. Frank Moore Colby. $3.00.

From The George M. Hill company, Chicago:

The Songs of Father Goose. By L. Frank Baum.

From Doubleday, Page & Co., New York:

The Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.50.

One Woman's Letter

SAYS

"I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I used the Pinkham remedies.

"My trouble was ulceration of the uterus. I suffered terribly, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief.

"To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain.

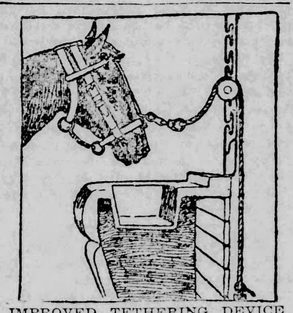
"I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot praise the medicines enough."—MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham advises suffering women without charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

NOVEL HORSE TIE FOR THE STABLE

Horsemen will appreciate the value of the device pictured in the accompanying cut, the object of the invention being to reduce to a minimum the liability of getting the animal's feet tangled up in the tethering rope, and also to keep the rope out of the way while the animal is eating. By means of a specially constructed halter the connection is made on the upper instead of the under side of the nose strap, and the tie extends to a point



IMPROVED TETHERING DEVICE FOR ANIMALS.

level with or above the animal's head. The invention also includes an arrangement for taking up the slack in the rope, without in any way pulling on the halter sufficiently to annoy the animal. The rope is passed through the front of the manger, resting on a pulley, which may be adjusted to any desired height, and a small weight is attached to the outer end, which is sufficient to hold the rope taut, no matter in what position the animal puts his head. A patent on the device has been granted to William H. Bartrum, of Derby, England.—Chicago News.

CHILDREN ALL LOVE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Mrs. McKinley says there was once a time when she knew every child in Canton. That was before Mr. McKinley was Governor and she kept in closer touch with the newcomers. She confesses with a sigh that she does not know the children by name in Canton now and that this is a grievous disappointment to her.

"I dislike so to hurt their feelings," she says, "by asking their names."

No child asks her name, however. She is "Auntie 'Kinley" to all the children in Canton, or really in the state of Ohio, if one judges from the troops of youngsters that are brought into her house in Canton during the day.

Half the mothers in America seem to know of Mrs. McKinley's intense favoritism for children, for she gets pictures of beautiful infants and precocious infants from Maine to Mexico.

She has in her parlor in the old Canton house two little rocking-chairs. One belonged to her when she was a baby and it was the first real chair with rockers she ever owned. The second one belonged to her little baby, and these two chairs are kept by the side of her great arm-chair for the use of her juvenile guests. They are nearly always occupied.

Sometimes the President has positively to pick his way across the veranda and through the hall and sittingroom of his Canton house, through children, to get to Mrs. McKinley.

It may be safely said that there are few babies born in Canton for whom Mrs. McKinley has not knitted some little garment.—Philadelphia Press.

AN ODD PROPOSAL BUT IT WON

An odd sort of proposal happened in this town one evening last week. Last summer the crafty young woman, who is the chief figurante in the case, met a young officer of the National Guard at an encampment in one of the states of the far South. The young officer fell to the Washington girl's bewitching charms in something less than a minute, and the two have been corresponding ever since. Last week the young woman got a letter from him in which he said, by way of postscript: "I hope that before we go into camp this year you will be Mrs. H. M. H."

"Well, you've got another hope a-coming," is what the young woman probably said to herself, for the real and only one in her eyes is a young Washington real estate man, who had been too demure and retiring to tell her just where he stood for the couple of years she had known him, although she was perfectly well aware that he was her'n, all right.

This bashful young man called on the evening of the day upon which she had received the letter from the South with the naive postscript. She showed him that postscript with a rippling, gurgling laugh of deprecation.

"The silly," she said, by way of comment.

"If an 'R' were substituted for the 'M' in those initials it 'ud be all right, wouldn't it?" ventured the young Washingtonian with unprecedented daring, after he'd taken a firm clutch on himself. His own initials are "H. R. H."

Of course, she told him it was pretty sudden and all that, but when he came away along toward 11 o'clock he wore a sheepish smile and a lot of powder on the left lapel of his coat.—Washington Post.

All He Wanted to Know.

"There's just one thing that I want to know," said the young man.

"Only one?" asked the self-satisfied old fellow.

"Only one," repeated the young man. "Well, you're easily suited. What is it?"

"What is the reason that the great international troubles—the affairs that we most want to discuss—always crop out in the places that have the most unpronounceable names?"—Chicago Post.

Misnamed.

Hojack—I understand that you skated into an airhole the other day?

Tomdik—That's what they called it, but I found it was full of water.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Face His Faco

Her face was marred with freckles, his face was sore from shaving. Both were quickly cured with

Holskell's Ointment

the specific for all skin disorders, slight or severe. 50 cents a box.

Holskell's Soap

Keeps the skin soft, smooth and healthy. Price 25 cents. Sample free.

Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

AN AGED WOMAN STARTS FOR CAPE NOME

A woman of 82 has started for the gold fields of Cape Nome from San Francisco, the oldest of her sex to seek her fortune in that bleak and inhospitable region. She is Mrs. Susan Worden, and, despite her years, she is active and enterprising. She went to California by the Panama route forty-eight years ago. With her husband and son, she went into the placer mines along the foothills of the Sierra, and later visited almost every important mining camp that was discovered on the Pacific coast, from British Columbia to Mexico. She located mining claims in many of these new camps and accumulated enough of a fortune to insure her comfort in her old age. For more than twenty years she has resided in one of the houses owned by Marion Clark, her son, in Oakland. The spirit of adventure, however, has never died out of her heart, and the recent stories of wealth found in the sands at Nome determined Mrs. Worden to again join the men and women who are going there by thousands. Mrs. Worden stated that before she sailed that she had no fear of the climatic changes she might encounter going from Oakland to Nome. "I have roughed it in many a mining camp on the Pacific slope," said she, 'and I am not afraid of a little cold weather. I shall remain at Nome until I make another fortune."

Mrs. Worden's son, Marion Clark, is known as the man who introduced Lotta, the actress, to the footlights. Lotta and Clark appeared in the same shows in mining towns, he playing the banjo accompaniments for her dancing. Professor Edward Clark, of the Southern California conservatory at Los Angeles, is a grandson of Mrs. Worden. The wife of Attorney Lincoln S. Church, of Oakland, is her granddaughter, and the latter's child calls Mrs. Worden "great-grandmother." Mrs. Worden has made inquiry among her old friends of the California mining camps, but has failed to find anybody going to Nome who is within ten years as old as she is, and of this fact she seems very proud.

TO SAVE LABOR ON WASHING DAY

The clothes boiler pictured here is the invention of Ella E. Hunter, of Rockport, Mo., and her intention is the production of a durable boiler provided with an open-work receptacle, which can be raised and lowered by a simple mechanism carried upon the exterior of the boiler, and calculated to facilitate the draining and removal of the clothes.

CLOTHES STRAINER AND LIFTER.

When the clothes have boiled sufficiently the crank is revolved to wind up the cable which passes underneath the basket, elevating the latter and draining out the water, when the garments cool rapidly and can be lifted out with the hands. The crank is fitted with a pawl, which locks the basket in its elevated position until it is emptied, when the pawl is released, to allow the basket to fall back into the boiler again.—Chicago News.

WHY GIRLS WON'T LEARN A TRADE

"One of the chief difficulties in getting the East Side girl to prepare herself for any trade or useful occupation," said an earnest Settlement worker in the New York Press, "is her indestructible belief in matrimony as her destiny. Every girl in her teens hopes and expects to marry soon. It may happen any day, so what is the use of undergoing toil and preparation in anticipation of a future necessity which they hope to avoid? That is why so many girls are willing to work for a pittance in stores when they might be learning a trade that would insure them a comfortable maintenance. They merely are tiding over the narrow strip of girlhood that separates them from the married state, to remain out of which is a disgrace more galling than any amount of suffering which the matrimonial yoke may impose.

"The married women often turn to and help support the family, but they seldom prepare themselves for the emergency beforehand. A good time and a husband as soon as possible is the code of the East Side girl; after that—well, if things don't turn out well, fate is blamed."

"Delays Are Dangerous."

A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the pimple and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

The non-irritating cathartic — Hood's Pills.

Why He Failed.

"He didn't make a success of that proprietary article he put on the market."

"Of course not."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he didn't show business judgment or enterprise."

"He certainly advertised it extensively."

"True; but he overlooked the most important feature of all. He failed to warn people in big black type to 'Beware of imitations.'"—Chicago Post.

Not Woman's Work.

Father—Where is your mother, Johnny?

Johnny—She's out in the back yard whittling.

Father—Are you sure she is whittling?

Johnny—Yes, sir; she's trying to sharpen a lead pencil.—Bloomington Pantagraph.

A Better Reason.

Smith—Why do you avoid Brown? Do you owe him money?"

Jones—No; I don't want him to owe me any. See?—Chicago News.

A Lightning Destroyer.

"Your Charlie seems to be an active little fellow, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Active? I put a clean shirt waist on him, and in five minutes he makes it look as if he had worn it a week."—Indianapolis Journal.

PRINCE DAVID IS A DEMOCRAT

Prince David Kawanaanakoa of Hawaii, one of the delegation that is coming to the Kansas City convention, is a traveled gentleman, for he has crossed not only the Pacific but the Atlantic ocean, and visited the lands between.

He is well educated, for he was graduated from a military school at San Mateo, Cal., and has studied scientific agriculture at Cirencester, England.

He is handsome, whether in the clothes of an English gentleman, as he usually dresses, or in the leis (flower wreaths) and the grassy helmets and kilts of his ancestors, in which he has sometimes appeared himself on fete days. He is 27 years old.

He is wealthy. He and his brother, Prince Cupid, form one of the largest exporting firms on the island. He is known as the most popular young man in Hawaii. He was betrothed to his cousin, the lamented Princess Kaiulani, she who died soon after the Hawaiian islands, whose queen she had hoped to be, passed into the possession of the United States.

Prince David is the son of David Kahalepouli, a famous high chief of the

PRINCE DAVID.

Hawaiians. His mother was Kinoiki Kekaulike. She was the younger sister of the late Queen Kapiolani. Kinoiki Kekaulike, his mother, was the most beautiful woman in the royal Hawaiian family, next to the Princess Victoria Kaiulani, his cousin and betrothed.

Why It Needed Revision.

"To whom do you intend to give the villain's part?" asked the dramatist.

"Walker, of course," answered the manager.

"What! That stick!" exclaimed the dramatist.

"He's the only one available," explained the manager.

"Then give me back my play," said the dramatist.

"Surely you don't intend to withdraw it," protested the manager.

"Oh, no," answered the dramatist. "I only want to revise it. The villain isn't killed off until the last act as it stands now, you know."—Chicago Post.

Might Sharpen It.

"One of the notes in my cabinet organ is a little flat. I wonder if there is any way to have it fixed."

"I should think a good organ grinder might be able to do something with it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Way.

"How amiable your little boy seems to be!"

"Yes; we never object to anything he wants to do."—Bloomington Pantagraph.

Anxieties of the Country Side.

"What a harassed look Mrs. Waddleton always wears when she gets up a picnic!"

"Yes; she's either afraid of snakes or afraid the lemonade won't go around."—Chicago Record.

TO THOSE WHO SUFFER ONLY

I suffered many years from the consequences of youthful indiscretion and wasted dollars with various doctors. I spent hundreds of dollars with various physicians without getting relief. Finally, during a trip to the old country I consulted a well-known physician in London, and he gave me a medicine which cured me entirely. I let my friends learn of my good luck, and such of them who suffered cried these medicines and became cured. Then I was absolutely convinced that any sufferer could regain his health by the use of this wonderful remedy. The old doctor gave me the prescription, and well knowing that many people would be benefited by its use, I have concluded to offer the same to any of my countrymen who is in need of treatment. I have nothing to sell and do not want any money. I publish this notice only because I believe this information is valuable to sufferers. If in need of this, write to-day, enclosing postage for answer, and I will send this prescription, sealed, in plain envelope. Charles Johnson, No. 7 Hohman St., Hammond, Ind.

LITTLE BOBBY FLOORS HIS FATHER

It was little Bobby's first ride on a trolley car, says the Boston Herald, and he promptly opened up:

"Papa, what makes this car go?"

"Electricity, Bobby," answered papa, from behind his paper.

"What is lectricity?"

"Er—it's a power they get from batteries and dynamos and such things."

Bobby was silent a moment and kept looking out of the window. Just then another car came by and Bobby commenced again.

"Is that funny thing on the top of the car a dynamo, papa?" he asked.

"No, Bobby, that's a pole."

"Do they push it with that pole?"

"No."

"Pull it?"

"No."

"What is it for, then?"

"Don't ask so many questions. That is where the electricity is carried from the wire to the car."

"Is it heavy to carry?"

"No."

The other passengers were on a broad grin and papa was in a fidget. Just then another car passed and some sparks flashed from the wire.

"Oh, papa, look at that pole burning!" asked Bobby with renewed interest.

Papa, thinking to make the best of it, sighed and said: "No, my son; that is caused by the closing and breaking of this circuit."

"Does it often break?"

"Yes."

"Who fixes it?"

"Bobby, will you stop asking questions?"

The frantic effort of the motorman to stop the car at a down-grade crossing next attracted Master Bobby's attention.

"Papa, what's that coffee mill for?"

"That's not a coffee mill, it's the handle to turn off and on the electricity. The man turns it to start and stop the car."

"Does he wind the car up?"

"No. For heaven's take, Bobby, will you be quiet?"

Just then the car stopped suddenly and the conducter went back hurriedly to the rear platform. This was too much for Bobby.

"Papa, the car stopped that time and the man did not turn the grinder."

"The car has slipped its trolley."

"Then we won't get home, will we?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"Because the other night, when you didn't get home, Uncle Jack told mamma he had seen you and you looked as if you had slipped your trolley."

We get off here," said Bobby's father, quickly and as the car started on its way again even the hum of the motor did not drown the shrill shrieks of Bobby. And every individual woman in the car glanced back and murmured: "The brute!"

Hard and Soft.

She—She has a soft spot in her heart if you can only find it.

He—Perhaps, but I fear I'd find it hard to find it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 3, JULY 15, 1900.

The Gentle Woman's Faith.

Mark 7:24-30.

Read Mark 7:1-23. Memory verses: 27-30. Golden Text: Lord, help me.—Matt. 15:25.

24. And from thence he rose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but he could not be hid.

25. For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him and came and fell at his feet.

26. The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

27. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs.

28. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29. And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

30. And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

The Lesson in Everyday Life.

And he could not be hid (v. 24). Genius of any kind is like fire. Amidst the combustible elements of human life it will burn itself out into view. There will be many a young fellow who will need to be told this, for there are thousands of them who are already getting embittered at what they think lack of "recognition." I do not say that merely potential genius —genius which exists latent—will always be discovered; but I do say that genius which is alive, active, efficient, actually accomplishing things for the enjoyment or betterment of mankind, can no more be concealed than fire. The world will not dig you out of your hole, as boys dig out woodchucks, if you merely have the capacity to do things. But if you are actually singing a song, or writing a poem, or preaching a sermon, or building a house, or painting a picture, or shoeing a horse, in such a way as to give pleasure or profit to men, they will find you, even if you are down in a well. If you do not get recognition, ten chances to one it is because you don't play your part to the satisfaction of the audience.

Came and fell down at his feet (v. 25). If this had been the only act of passionate devotion of this kind in the whole history of the race, it would have been wonderful. But just stop for a moment to think of the millions of mothers who every day of human life thus bear their children on their hearts, and cast themselves in this way at the feet of any one who can help them. If you could stand at the same moment at the door of every doctor's office in the world, and see the mothers flinging themselves upon these physicians' tenderness and skill in behalf of children who are deformed, or sick, or dying; if you could stand outside the door of every chamber in which they have prostrated themselves before God in tears of anxiety and agony of desire, you might gain some feeble conception of that awful passion of mother love which lives and throbs in this world. There are other great forces, but this overshadows them all. There are other great passions that surround human nature with an aureole, but all their luster pales before this.

It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs (v. 27). This was, no doubt, a very old proverb. Everywhere in the world the dogs seem to be eating the bread that the children need. Sometimes it is hard not to get angry at the sight of so much good meat going down the throats of dogs, and so much mother-love being wasted on poodles. I used to be a little bitter about this, until one day I saw the dog-catcher seize a mongrel cur that belongs to my little friend Bob. I chuckled to myself, and said, "That little brute will never snap at my heels again." But about two hundred feet behind the wagon Bob himself appeared in agony of tears, and ran all the way down to the dog-pound, about three miles from home, howling with misery. I backed down, and said to myself, "There are two sides to this dog question." The dogs, perhaps, do more for men than men for dogs. Many a hard heart has been warmed and empty heart filled by a dog. I don't believe the Savior really begrudged the dogs their daily bread. There is food enough, if we can only get it wisely distributed.

Even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs (v. 28). She knew that there was help and love and food and healing enough for all God's creatures, if we could only bring supply and need together. She knew that people are made terribly selfish by only living for their own. She knew that every heart and hand and brain in this world has a little more strength and help than it needs for those in its own little circle. She knew that every cup in the world "runneth over" a little bit, and that all God asks is that we give the overflow to others. "All I ask for is the crumbs," she said. "I know you are tired. I know there are others who need your help, but give me a little, just a very little. You are so great and good." Do you think that Jesus Christ could turn a deaf ear to that plea? Not he. There are hard hearts in the world which can, but there are fewer and fewer every year. Every day people are realizing that "none of us liveth to himself," and that every person who is in need has some claim upon our help, or at least our sympathy.—Charles Frederick Goss, D. D., in S. S. Times.

YOUNG MEN, STUDY SPANISH!

The Need of the Language to Men Arriving at a Business Career.

Chicago Tribune.

The political responsibilities assumed by our government over some millions of Spanish-speaking people render the acquisition of that language by many of our officials a requisite to the solution of some of the most important problems that confront the republic and the tactful and diplomatic treatment of the people whom we have freed from oppression and misrule and hope to lead to successful self-government.

From the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan the people of Mexico and the Central and South American republics employ the language of Spain. Since the first promulgation of the Monroe doctrine we have assumed the natural political leadership in this hemisphere, although our language is not generally spoken in one of the fifteen or twenty other American republics, and the connections of blood and language are now reasserting themselves to a marked degree between Spain and the Spanish speaking republics of the West. Since the conclusion of the treaty of Paris and the termination of Spain's colonial responsibilities and war burdens in Cuba and the Philippines, that ancient power has turned its attentions toward fields of commercial activity. The founding of a Spanish-American bank at Madrid and a great revival of Spanish trade in Mexico and South America, already noted in our consular reports, are fresh evidences that the late war was a blessing in disguise to Spain. They also inspire the suggestion that if we are to reap the natural benefits of contiguity, political affinity, and commercial opportunity with our Spanish-speaking neighbors we must cultivate such intimate relations with them as result only from the mastery of their language, affording ease in conversation and perfect interchange of ideas.

A well educated European converses fluently in three or four languages. The English language has heretofore met the actual requirements of the American citizen at home and for travel abroad as a tourist, because foreigners along the world's highways of travel employ it. But our education should not be confined to the mastery of our own language, and while French and German afford better opportunities for literary study and conventional use, the tongue of Cervantes is not lacking in erudite attractions, and practical advantages may also be derived from its study by American scholars, political aspirants, and business men which are worthy of recognition and encouragement by our schools.

SEWING MACHINES IN OLD CHINA

The missionaries to heathen countries have unaccountably forgotten the sewing machine as an agent of civilization, and yet, if a representative in that country of a large manufacturing firm is to be believed, it will in time work a revolution in China which as yet all the missionary teachings of all denominations have not started. "I refer," he says, "to the horrible custom of that country which confines the feet of girl babies in bandages that prevent their growth and make cripples of women. You don't see why, don't you? Well, let me show you. The first sewing machines ever introduced into China were put there by Americans, who taught the tailors of Shanghai and Hong Kong to use them. From this source the new idea spread to other tailors in other places, and then by degrees, even slower than among the men, the women began to use them. But the women were handicapped, or footcapped, I might say, by their crippled feet, and they found great difficulty in working the pedal machines. They saw, however, that the sewing machine was a good thing, and they asked for a machine that worked by hand. In this country that kind of a sewing machine is hardly more than a toy. But the China women could do better work with it than by the old means, and the hand machines are doing their work of teaching. Now I am predicting that in a few years the progressive China woman will discover what a wonderful thing the sewing machine is when properly worked, that is by foot power, and she will kick as well as her little feet will let her against a custom that practically makes her girl children useless to her and to their husbands and homes later, and she will refuse to bandage the baby feet. The men will also see how much more valuable their wives will be with feet that can run a sewing machine, and the old custom will be knocked galley west by the spirit of utilitarianism. The demand for sewing machines in China is increasing all the time, and instead of the civilized manufacturers trying to invent machines to meet a heather custom they will trust to their machines as now constructed to destroy the custom."

Moving Away From It.

The decayed old colonel had twice packed his traps and calamities and indignantly trekked frontierward to escape the encroachments of advancing civilization.

To him the old friend:

"Well, colonel, still trying to keep the wolf from the door?"

Heeling the colonel:

"Wolf? No, begad! Golf!"—Chicago Tribune.

Exoteric.

Here the hero's good fairy came and stood before him.

"I will cause you to disappear completely from the sight of men," said she.

"Oh, thank you!" said the hero. "By waving your wand, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; by causing you to marry an authoress," said the good fairy.

Then she explained that she seldom resorted to magic, these days, finding it better upon the whole to take advantage of exoteric principles.—Detroit Journal.

Free Prescription

For lost manhood will be sent in plain, sealed envelope to sufferers from sexual exhaustion, lassitudes, varicocele. West. Res. Med. Co. (Inc. In Ohio) Drawer B, Cleveland, O.

From Aguinaldo's Diary.

Jan. 1, 1900—I am going to keep a diary. It is a nice day. I wrote three proclamations and ran ten miles.

Jan. 2—Ran thirty miles.

Jan. 3—Decorated myself with a new golden collar and a set of earrings. Ran twenty miles.

Jan. 4—Busy day. Ran forty-two miles.

Jan. 5—Also ran.

Jan. 6—Ditto.

Jan. 7 to June 1—Ditto.—Baltimore American.

An Involved Situation.

"Georgie, Georgie, don't let sister stand there and cry; give her half of your candy."

"But, ma, this is th' half o' her piece she gimme yistiddy an' taint perfits in her to want it."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Brute.

Mrs. Guyer—This paper says that mice are attracted by music, but I don't believe it.

Mr. Guyer—Why not?

Mrs. Guyer—I never see any mice around when I play on the piano.

Mr. Guyer—Well, that's no excuse for doubting the paper's statement.—Chicago News.

Discovered by a Woman.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure any of the various diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, prolapsus, etc., or the piles from any cause in either sex. I will gladly mail a box of the wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. B. MILLER, Box 68, Kokomo, Ind.

Cures Weak Men Free

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME FOR ALL.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send

L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 156 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity:

"Dear Sir—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipe as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipe is free for the asking, and he wants every man to have it.

PATENTS.

Patents IF YOU HAVE AN INVENTION WRITE TO A. A. Fallon, 624 F St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; established. Frank Mfg. Co., Dept. 27, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED Reliable men or women to sell our goods to consumers; $900 per month and good pay. Address The Great Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., 210 10th St., Lynn, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BICYCLES FOR EVERYBODY. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.

$14.85 $7.00

CASH BUYERS UNION, 162 W. Van Buren St., B-56, Chicago, Ills.

MEDICAL.

Ladies Dr. F. May, Bloomington, Ill.

BED-WETTING CURED. Sample FREE.

FREE TO LADIES FAIL. Mrs. R. Bowman, Milwaukee, Wis.

LADIES The Women's Medical Home, Jersey City, N. J.

BLOOD POISON HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colors in Mouth, Hair Falling, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers? We Guarantee to Cure You. COOK REMEDY CO. 1131 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100 page book free.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS** SAFE, RELIABLE, LADIES ASK DRUGGIST FOR CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. THE RED DIAMOND BRAND. Sold by Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

THE REAL ORIGIN OF THE TELEPHONE

Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, hale and hearty at 82 years of age, writes from his residence in Washington as to

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1900.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Until further notice, we withdraw all special offers, and the regular price of $1 a year for the Weekly Blade will prevail. As compared with the price of other staple commodities, $1 a year is very little for a good weekly newspaper. With the recent advance of print paper and other material necessary to publication, a lower price is impossible.

However, for the summer months we do not invite yearly subscriptions (except at above price), as the demand for The Blade will be almost wholly on a campaign or three months basis. Therefore, we will say for the months of June and July the price for a single three months' subscription will be 25 cents. For small clubs, 15 cents per name.

Since there will be a great demand for The Blade as a campaign paper, we will make special confidential rates to those who desire to raise clubs for campaign circulation. All interested should drop us a postal card. For that matter we hope some one in every town will take an interest in placing a large club in their locality this summer. It is an easy matter to raise a club of one hundred or more three months names on the terms we have to offer, and $5 to $10 profit to the club raiser may be earned in a single day's work.

OUR PARIS PORTFOLIOS.

Part No. 8 is now ready, and will be mailed as fast as ordered. We can yet supply early numbers to any who desire to begin the series. The views are growing in interest, and orders are increasing.

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS.

As the nation prospers, so do individuals. Personal wealth increases. From this follows a vast increase in the number and size of bequests and gifts to be utilized for the public benefit and the uses of philanthropy. For the calendar year 1899, the total of private gifts and bequests for such purposes in the United States reached the enormous total of $62,750,000—which is, says Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who has compiled the figures, "without doubt the largest amount ever devoted to philanthropic purposes, as individual offerings, within one year."

The complete list of these gifts and bequests will appear in the forthcoming volume of Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia, of which Mr. Johnson is the editor. In making up his list, only those are recorded which amount to $5,000 or over. It does not include the ordinary denominational contributions for educational and benevolent purposes; no state or municipal appropriations to public and sectarian institutions; nor any grants of money by Congress for various measures of relief. These would make an enormous total of themselves, but they do not figure in Mr. Johnson's list.

To show how the spirit of broad beneficence is growing in the United States, he gives the following table, showing the amounts contributed during the past seven years:

1893	$20,000,000
1894	32,000,000
1895	32,800,000
1896	27,000,000
1897	45,000,000
1898	38,000,000
1899	62,750,000
Total.	$266,550,000

The notable fact in the above is the rapid increase since 1896—in other words, since the revival of prosperity. The year 1898 showed a falling off, but this was due to the Spanish war, and public benevolence was directed to the Red Cross and similar agencies. Last year, however, shows an enormous increase—and proves the fallacy of the assumption of purblind theorists that a man who accumulates wealth is necessarily selfish and self-seeking.

SENATOR LODGE IS RIGHT.

Senator Lodge, permanent chairman of the Philadelphia convention, in his speech set forth the position of the two parties regarding the Philippines in eloquent and emphatic language. The following extract puts the case very briefly, and no one can gainsay the truth of any statement made by the talented Senator from Massachusetts:

The Democratic attitude toward the Philippines rests wholly on the proposition that the American people have neither the capacity nor the honesty to deal rightly with these islands. They assume that we shall fail. They fall down and worship a Chinese half-breed whose name they had never heard three years ago, and they slander, and cry down, and doubt the honor of American soldiers and sailors, of admirals and generals, and public men who have gone in and out before us during an entire lifetime.

We are true to our own. We have no distrust of the honor, the humanity, the capacity of the American people. To feel or do otherwise is to doubt ourselves, our government and our civilization. We take issue with the Democrats who would cast off the Philippines because the American people cannot be trusted with them, and we declare that the American people can be trusted to deal justly, wisely and generously with those distant islands, and will lift them up to a higher prosperity, a broader freedom and a nobler civilization than they have ever known. We have not failed elsewhere. We shall not fail here.

The Prohibitionists are going before the platform committee of the Kansas City convention, and will pledge the Democratic ticket a million votes if the convention will adopt a prohibition plank. Are our temperance friends becoming humorists?

The Democrats who have asserted that Major Rathbone will be protected in his Cuban position, have another guess coming. Mr. Rathbone has been removed from the service, and his arrest will no doubt follow. Uncle Sam is not playing favorites.

Another country has abandoned the Mexican silver standard. Hayti has adopted gold, and made the American gold dollar her unit of value.

THE EXPANSION ISSUE.

Queerly enough, the leading issue in the coming Presidential campaign will probably be a question that has been decided for considerably over a year. It is the issue of expansion. Expansion became an accomplished fact when the treaty of peace with Spain was ratified. By it we came into possession of Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippine islands. Nor was this the first time we had extended our authority over lands separated from us by ocean distances, or an intervening foreign country. We have had Alaska since 1867. We annexed Hawaii some months before we acquired Spanish territory.

Yet, in the face of the fact that we have expanded, the Democratic party, true to its mule-like policy of stubborn opposition to progress, will endeavor to make it an issue. With utter inconsistency, it accepts the annexation of Hawaii, and the fact of our sovereignty over Porto Rico, while demurring to its continuance in the Philippines. It demands that we shall yield to the dying insurrection in these islands, and give the semi-civilized Tagalos the form of independence under our protectorate.

Read carefully, if you please, the closing plank in the Republican national platform. Though last, it is by no means least. Here it is:

In accepting by the treaty of Paris the just responsibility of our victories in the Spanish war, the President and the Senate won the undoubted approval of the American people. No other course was possible than to destroy Spain's sovereignty throughout the West Indies and in the Philippine islands. That course created our responsibility before the world to provide for the maintenance of law and order, and for the establishment of good government and for the performance of international obligations.

Our authority could not be less than our responsibility; and wherever sovereign rights were extended it became the high duty of the government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued people. The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and liberties shall be secured to them by law.

Note the clear statement of the plain duty which devolved upon us because, in the war against Spain, we overthrew her sovereignty in the West Indies and in the Philippines. It was necessary to defeat her to end the war speedily. Her power in the Philippines lay in her fleet. Dewey destroyed that. The crushing of her power these paralyzed her authority. Then there devolved upon us, as conquerors, the responsibility to maintain law and order, for the establishment of good government, for the performance of international obligations. This the plank above given recounts. Then it adds this logical conclusion—that "our authority could not be less than our responsibility."

Read again that sentence, and deny, if you can, its absolute truth. When through the exigencies of war we destroyed Spain's power in the Philippines, the law of nations imposed on us the duty of protecting the persons and property of foreigners; of the lives and property of the natives themselves; of preventing anarchy. We could not escape that liability. We could not, had we been so cowardly, have abandoned the islands and sailed away; the duty would still have remained. What Democratic speaker or writer, from Bryan up, has ever suggested a course that would have honorably released us from it?

The Philippines belong to us; their people are under our flag, and will remain there. The Republican party declares they shall be given the largest measure of self-government for which they are fitted, under our sovereignty. The Democratic policy is that of the coward. It means a shirking of duty, a refusal to accept responsibility we voluntarily incurred. The people of the United States are not ready to make this republic's name a hissing and a reproach in the mouths of all the other civilized nations of the globe, and they will not commission the Democrats to carry out the policy they advocate.

ANOTHER OHIO MAN.

The selection of Gen. Adna R. Chaffee to command the American forces in China is a most excellent one. Not merely because he was born in Ohio, but because he is in every way fitted for the command. Every one recalls his splendid work before Santiago. He commanded the brigade which stormed El Caney, and Gen. Lawton paid splendid tribute to his courage and resourcefulness on that fateful day.

Chaffee is a born fighter. His face, his head, his movements, all show it. He is a tireless worker, and on the advance to Santiago he was far in advance of his men, informing himself of the lay of the land and the roads. He is a man of the Lawton type, and should the outcome of the Chinese affair be war, he may be depended upon to maintain the glory of American arms.

Gen. Adna Romanza Chaffee was born in Orwell, Ashtabula county, Ohio, April 14, 1842. In 1861 on the breaking out of the civil war, he entered the 6th U. S. cavalry as a private. In 1863 he became a second lieutenant, first lieutenant in 1865, a captain in 1867, major in 1888, a lieutenant colonel in 1897. He was severely wounded at Fairfield and Brandy Station, and was brevetted for gallantry at Gettysburg and Dinwiddie Court-house. After the civil war, he had much experience in Indian fighting. Now that the lamented Lawton is dead, Gen. Chaffee is the officer who most nearly fills his place in all that made Lawton a most useful commander. Great is the Ohio man, and Chaffee is one of him!

Prince David Kawanahoa, the Hawaiian delegate to the Democratic national convention, explains why he is a Democrat, and his reason is interesting to the American people. It is because he approved of the efforts of President Cleveland and the Democratic party to prevent the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The convention should adopt a plank condemning the annexation, out of compliment to the princely delegate.

The Kansas City convention should open its proceedings by singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," led by the Tammany delegates. It would be a delicate way of referring to the New York Democratic ice trust.

Of course, Democrats are certain that the Philadelphia convention made a great mistake in nominating Teddy Roosevelt, but Republicans are not doing any worrying.

Chairman Hanna believes in doing things over again, and that is why Democrats expect an 1896 drubbing this year.

Mr. Towne believes that he is big enough to even pull Bryan through. Mr. Towne is optimistic.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT OF COL. ROOSEVELT.

Within the next two weeks, we shall have ready a handsomely executed and perfect portrait of the Republican nominee for Vice President, Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

We are obliged to make this advance announcement in order to answer the hundreds of inquiries for such a portrait that every mail since the nomination has been bringing to our office. Wait for The Blade's portrait. It will be the best that can be had.

TRUSTS AND FREE TRADE.

One of the nostrums advocated by the Democrats for the trust evil is to abolish the tariff on any article controlled by a trust. That obtains the adhesion of the unthinking, but intelligent voters realize its fallacy.

Take, for instance, printing paper. Newspaper publishers are groaning under the rise in the price of this article. It is controlled by an international trust which not only has the paper mills of this country in its grasp, but extends its operations to Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and other European countries. To abolish the duty on paper and paper pulp would not relieve American publishers, as it would not affect prices a particle. As the trust controls the world's production, there are no competitors ready to rush in and pick up American orders.

This is but one example of many. The bulk of our import trade is with Great Britain. And to quote an English authority, "the United Kingdom is plastered over with trusts." John B. Kershaw, an English writer, has an article in the last Fortnightly Review, in which he shows that the trust craze is apparently far more rampant there than here. And it is followed by similar results. Over capitalization is one of the evils, and while the promoter often prospers, reaping enormous profits through his transactions, the stockholders suffer. Mr. Kershaw cites figures to prove that the failure of English joint stock companies, chiefly due to the cause, during five years ended with 1897 amounted to over $300,000,000.

To abolish the duty on trust-controlled imports would simply change masters. In place of being the victims of a home trust, we would be transferred to the tender mercies of a foreign one. Besides this, the method proposed would not affect trusts in articles on which there is no duty. For instance, it would have no effect whatever on the Standard Oil monopoly, nor on the Flour trust, nor the Beef trust, nor the Coal trust, nor on many others.

The true remedy is in the adoption of the Republican policy of a constitutional amendment giving Congress full power over the trusts. It has not such power now under the constitution. The states should grant it that authority through an amendment to the constitution. That will go to the root of the matter, and it is the only way or reaching the subject effectually.

TURNING FROM FREE SILVER.

Three Utah gentlemen, all largely interested in silver mining, were rampant free silver men in 1896, and each contributed $25,000 to Bryan's campaign fund. Their names are Governer H. M. Wells, Thomas Kearns and Chas. E. Loose.

They were bitterly disappointed over the election of McKinley at first. But they soon changed their minds. In place of the scarcity of money which Bryan predicted as the result of the triumph of the gold standard, it became plentier. In place of higher interest rates, lower ones became the rule. In place of low prices, there was a steady rise in almost all products and in all manufactured goods.

In place of stagnation, there was prosperity. The army of the unemployed disapepared. The idle workmen all obtained profitable employment. Wages advanced, trade increased, and the nation started on an era of prosperity such as it has never known before.

These three gentlemen then realized that Bryan's free silver theories were false. They saw that the gold standard gave stability, which is a sine qua non to sound trade and profitable manufacturing. And, being men of sense, they abandoned Bryanism and Democracy, and joined the Republican party. Each one has sent his check for $50,000 to the national Republican committee, to aid in the re-election of McKinley, and they state that the contributions are made double those they gave to the Bryan cause four years ago, in order to atone for that folly.

Only a fool will adhere to his folly. A man of sense knows that, being human, he necessarily makes mistakes, and when he finds he has done so, he makes amends. There are thousands of voters in the West who sincerely believed in free silver four years ago, who now see their error. Will they have the honesty to abandon Bryanism and join the Republican party this year? If they are wise men, they will; if they are fools, they will not.

GERTRUDE IS MISTAKEN.

Gertrude Atherton, who makes some pretensions as a literary woman, wrote some very bad and nonsensical stuff from the Philadelphia convention to the New York Journal. In speaking of Senator Hanna, Gertrude says:

"I am told that Hanna has his redeeming side, and that the twinkle in his eye is very fetching. I never want to get close enough to see it, and I thought his face distinctly the worst of the 15,000 at the convention."

Gertrude, no doubt, feasted her eyes upon Davenport's caricatures of Hanna rather than upon the real man, else she would not have written as she did. Gertrude need not fear Mr. Hanna's eye, for the twinkle is kindly, and not at all dangerous. Neither is his face bad; on the contrary, it is pleasing to look at. His convention hall countenance was continually wreathed in smiles, and it is certain that Gertrude did not see him at any time when he looked like the worst man in the convention.

Gertrude was looking at the wrong man. It is a clear case of mistaken identity.

Foraker's characterization of Roosevelt as a "locomotive in trousers" is unique as well as truthfully descriptive.

"How would you like to be the ice man?" will probably be the popular campaign song in New York this year.

Rough Rider clubs will be a feature of this year's campaign

BUSINESS IN CAMPAIGN YEARS.

For a number of years past, the Presidential campaigns have been marked by an access of business stagnation. This was because the Democrats made free trade their campaign issue. Every man engaged in industrial pursuits knew that the success of that party on that issue would mean disaster. So there was no extension of manufacturing, no addition to plants, no advance purchases of raw material, no accumulation of manufactured stocks for the market six or nine months ahead. Democratic success would have meant absolute loss in any of these cases. So industries languished and trade was dull, because of this threatened danger.

Whether the present year shall witness a repetition of this depends on what the Democrats do at Kansas City. The only questions which can become real issues are those on which it takes opposite ground from the Republican position. The tariff question will not be an issue in the sense it was from 1884 to 1892. But nevertheless it may come in as an important one if the Kansas City convention shall declare in favor of free trade in all articles in whose production there is a trust or a combine in the United States.

If the Democrats shall advocate, in their platform, a proposition to regulate trusts by free trade in trust products, the whole tariff question will be brought into the campaign. Such a proposition is interchangeable with one to abolish all duties and enter upon an era of actual free trade. For if the free trade remedy were effective to drive trusts from protected products, they would take refuge in other protected industries, from which they could only be driven by more free trade—and so on, until absolute free trade would rule.

If this question is injected into the campaign by the Democrats, the tariff will be the overshadowing issue to all men interested in the productive industries and in commerce. The result will be stagnation and dull times until the people render their verdict in November.

SEYMOUR RELIEVED.

A dispatch from Che Foo to-day brings the cheering news that the little force of internationals, under command of Vice Admiral Seymour, has been relieved. It failed in its objective, which was to reach Pekin, to protect the legations and other foreigners there. This force was entirely inadequate to cope with the native forces which are barring the way to the Chinese capital, whose strength is estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000 men.

An international force of 10,000 men, under command of a Russian, Col. Schtelle, is on the way, however, and it is hoped it will reach Pekin. The capture or control of that city must be the first step in a solution of the complex situation. The relief and protection of the legations is a plain duty on the part of the foreign powers. And, even if the story be true that the legations have been sent out of the capital under guard, the capture of Pekin is still necessary.

For the Chinese government is either co-operating with the Boxers, or the presence of the latter is overawing the imperial authorities. If the latter be true, the first step to a clearing up of the muddle is to defeat the Boxers and allow the government to resume its functions. If the former, then China has by that act declared war on the powers, and the capture of the imperial capital must be the first step in the process of bringing the empress dowager to reason, and of restoring order that peace may follow.

TIME FOR WORK.

Notwithstanding the placing of Ohio in the doubtful column by Chairman Jones, of the Democratic national committee, there is not a sound-minded citizen, Republican or Democrat, who does not concede that the Buckeye state is safely Republican. It is a question of majority.

But McKinley's state should not be content with an ordinary Republican victory this year; it should be a record-breaker. There is no reason why the plurality should fall below 100,000. It is a question of earnest, thorough work.

The state committee should select the campaign committee at once, and the work of organization should begin immediately. Every ward and precinct should have its club of workers. Every voter should be lined up, and every Republican voter should be made an aggressive campaign worker.

An early and thorough organization means much. With this accomplished, it will be easy to keep tab on the voters until the polls are closed. Through this organization campaign literature can be effectively distributed, and as this is to be a campaign of education, it should begin at once. Ohio should lead in this work, and the committee can not begin action too soon.

THE GERMAN VOTERS.

The Democratic anti-expansion press assumes that the German-Americans are opposed to expansion, and hence in favor of giving up the Philippines—to whom, is not stated. These papers ring the changes on this general statement as if it were an ascertained fact, beyond cavil or dispute. But is it?

It is a fact that Americans of German descent are not opposed to expansion by their fatherland. They take a pride in the colonial policy of Germany, and her success as a colonizing power. They do not denounce it as being tyrannical, nor as the result of German greed.

The German mind is typically logical. What reason can be given why the Germans in the United States should oppose expansion in the case of Germany, and disapprove of it in the case of the United States? They must recognize the fact that our title to the Philippines is good. Their acquisition, and the method of it by treaty with Spain is recognized by all civilized powers. Germany acquired the Ladrones from Spain later, by the same process, it is to be remembered.

Nor do we for an instant wish to insult the intelligence of German Americans by supposing that they believe the Filipinos fitted for self-government, or that Tagalo rule would be accepted by the other diverse races of the group; nor do we think they disapprove of the government's course in maintaining its authority and rights against a tribal insurrection. Hence we do not believe that the German American voters will support Bryan and unsound money for the reasons alleged by the Democratic press.

The receipts at the large postoffices of the country for May showed a gain of over seven per cent above those of the same month last year. This indicates increasing business, and increased business means prosperity.

WHY WE ARE IN CHINA.

Certain demagogic newspapers are crying out that we have no right to send an armed force to China, and they are raising a howl over it, with the evident hope of making Bryan campaign thunder. Let us look into the matter.

Our minister to the court of Pekin, his family and the legation attaches, are there as the representatives of this government. The other Americans in China are missionaries, and business men who are there to carry out concessions granted to American citizens for trade privileges, the building of railroads, the opening of mines, and other industrial enterprises which will benefit the empire. All these people are there by right—a right guaranteed by treaty, and which the good faith of the Chinese government is pledged to maintain.

If the Chinese government finds itself unable to protect the persons and property of these people, then it is our duty to do so. All the other powers are taking steps to protect their citizens. The right to do this, in case of need, is a well-recognized principle of international law. We are not making war against China, but are simply acting in conjunction with all the other civilized powers to protect life and property and to aid the authorities to restore order.

This government would be contemptible did it pursue any other course. We would be the laughing-stock of the world did we hold aloof and allow the other powers to protect American citizens and safeguard our treaty interests. The plain common sense of the American people will support the government loyally in its course. The man who does not do so lacks patriotism, courage and Americanism.

The United States is acting in concert with the other powers. We are not in alliance with any of them, either actual or implied. There is no secret treaty or understanding with any of them. This government has stated clearly to the world its policy in the Chinese matter. Here it is:

First—To give immediate relief to Americans in China whose lives are now in jeopardy.

Second—To afford protection to Americans and American interests in China until order is restored and their safety is assured.

Third—To prepare to protect American trade rights, if the dismemberment of China becomes imminent.

Fourth—To seek no territory in event of partition; to demand absolute guarantees of equal commercial privileges and not to extend the United States' sphere of influence beyond the Philippines.

What self-respecting American citizen finds anything in that statement against which to object?

WATCHING THE BEAR.

Kipling's "wild, barbaric yawp" of several years ago, concerning "Adam-Zad, the bear that walks like a man," is recalled vividly by the attitude of all Western Europe at this juncture. The Chinese affair would be of small moment were it not for the grave suspicion that the Boxer trouble was fomented by Russia. More than this, the attitude of Russia is significant. Note these points:

A Russian army of 10,000 men is marching on Pekin.

The Russian government is reported to have issued secret orders to the commanders of her naval and land forces to prepare for immediate mobilization.

The European money market is showing serious disturbance, in anticipation of Russian aggression.

The cabinets of Western Europe are all on the anxious seat. That Russia proposes to dominate all Asia is clear. That she will make a decissive step in that direction at the present juncture sems altogether probable. If she does, it will imperil the interests of the other powers in the Far East. Their interest in China is primarily commercial. The absorption of "spheres of influence" is not prompted so much by a desire to acquire territory as to have a base for trade operations. But with Russia it is different. She wants territory for its own sake; and she has been steadily encroaching on Asian soil for the past half century.

She has advanced in Central Asia until only a narrow buffer of neutral territory is between her and England's Indian Empire. She has obtained concessions from Persia which render it inevitable that eventually she will absorb that ancient land. Her recent territorial acquisitions in Northern China are known to all. And there is a well-founded belief that she will take advantage of the present Chinese troubles to force a dismemberment of that Empire. That war with Europe will follow such a course sems inevitable.

As for ourselves, we want no Chinese territory. We are not concerned in European disputes, and will not be drawn into them. All we demand is trade privileges; and we will not have to resort to war to maintain them.

BUSINESS PROSPERITY.

The Democratic organs are uneasy because the national Republican platform points out the fact that the splendid prosperity of the nation is due to the enactment of Republican policies into law. The more bigoted make themselves a laughing-stock by denying that there is any real prosperity. The others attempt to belittle the issue, by saying that business prosperity is not everything, and that theoretical issues ought to have first place.

This argument is folly. The prosperity of the nation springs from the prosperity of the people. It is the starting point for all things which makes for security in national life; it is the root from which spring both civic and individual virtues. The Republican party supplied by legal enactment the conditions which made prosperity possible. Its realization depended upon the enterprise and intelligence of the people, to take advantage of these favoring conditions.

The man who is individually prosperous, whether he toils with his hands or his brain, is contented with the conditions. He is not prone to run into fads, to talk socialism or anarchy, or to go off at a tangent to seek the pot of gold buried at the foot of a political rainbow. Nor is he liable to cast his ballot against the party which brought our laboring men and our captains of industry from the wilderness of adversity, in which they wandered during the Cleveland administration, into the abundance of our present prosperity—individual, financial and industrial.

The nomination of Roosevelt has proved a great disappointment to the Democrats, because of the favor with which it is received by the people.

THE DELUDED ANTIS.

The so-called and self-styled anti-imperialists who have fretted themselves into a frenzy over the policy of the administration in the Philippines are about as short-sighted a set as could well be imagined. They have never considered the fact that the complete pacification of the islands would be followed by the institution of the jury system, the freedom of speech, of the press, of thought, of religion, and of the individual in all of his civil and political rights in a sphere practically and in all essentials equivalent to that of the American citizen. There is no tyranny in the institution of the jury system.

There is no imperialism in the subserviency of the military to the civil authority. There is no subjugation in a commonwealth where men are free to act, to think, to do and to dare in all respects as do citizens of our own country.

There can be no oligarchy of a handfull of native despots in a country into which the American public school system is being introduced. There can be no subversion of popular right in a state in which American customs are bound to prevail as soon as peace and order become a settled fact.

The rebellion once crushed will find commerce revived, trade prosperous and the people of the Philippines happy and contented with an autonomous government under the benign rule of the most enlightened nation under the sun.

Let the antis take cognizance of the absurdity of all their mouthings, and all will be well as all will be in spite of them. Militarism and imperialism are misnomers used only for political effect, and there is not a policy or any part of a policy being carried out in the Philippines that the Democratic or any other party would dare to reverse if entrusted with the power.

A 'COON-TRAP CAMPAIGN.

The Democratic conventions of the Eastern states, including that of Ohio, have, as a rule, adopted a perfunctory endorsement of the Chicago platform of 1896. They have said nothing about free silver, nor have they pledged undying adhesion to the God-given ratio of 16 to 1. In the West and Southwest, the state conventions have endorsed free silver in terms as rabid as those employed four years ago.

The fact is plain that the Eastern Democrats desire to get away from the silver issue, that they may induce the sound money Democrats to support the ticket this year. The Western silver men desire to keep it to the front. The two factions will have a hot fight at Kansas City over the financial plank of the national platform. What will be the outcome?

A century ago, when the frontier was just beyond the Ohio river, there was an old trapper who set his trap "to ketch the 'coon a-gwine or a-comin'." We are inclined to the belief that the Democratic financial plank will be modelled after his trap. It will be so written that in the East it will be interpreted as sinking the 16-to-1 question, while in the West it will be construed to be a support of that financial folly.

This is a situation which the Republicans must be prepared to meet. We believe that the Kansas City convention will adopt the course indicated. The silver issue will be there, but it will be veiled by the wild yawp over other issues, and it will be all the more dangerous for that reason. Should the election next November result in Democratic success, the business and industrial world would at once realize that the silver question was thereby again raised. Confidence would be lost; capital would grow timid. Every captain of industry would call a halt. Men would not invest money in new enterprises, nor in extending old ones. Manufacturers would take in sail. Stagnation would follow, and without doubt the year 1901 would witness similar scenes to those of 1893.

However, it may be veiled in the platform utterances, free silver at 16 to 1 will be there, and Democratic success will bring it to the front as a matter for Congressional action. No matter if it may be said the Senate is safe, and silver legislation could not be secured. The agitation that would inevitably result would be disastrous to business enterprise. There is but one safety—to retain the party of sound money in power until the Democratic party definitely abandons free silver and retires Bryan from the field forever.

MR. BRYAN, DICTATOR.

The so-called bosses in the Republican party are not in it with William Jennings Bryan.

Not only will Mr. Bryan be nominated for President this week, but if reports from Kansas City are true he will dictate the work of the convention.

Unless the Democrats take the bit in their teeth the Nebraska man will name the candidate for Vice President and make the party platform.

The Kansas City correspondents in discussing candidates for second place say this man will not do and that man cannot be nominated because his candidacy does not meet the approval of Mr. Bryan.

This plank is not to be made a part of the platform and that one must go in because Mr. Bryan says so.

Chairman Jones is again to be placed at the head of the national committee because Mr. Bryan wants him there.

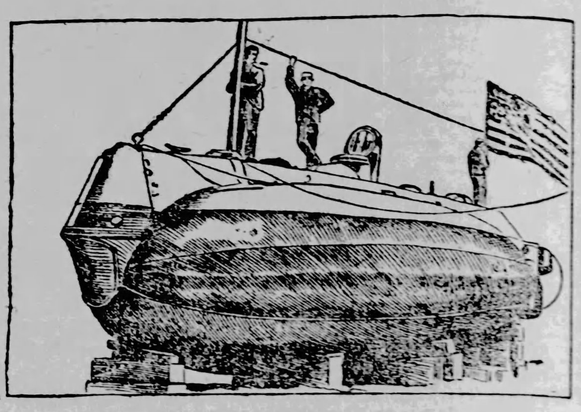
And so it goes. Bryan will go up and down the country crying against bossism in politics when the fact is he is the most notable example of the political boss to be found in either party.

Mr. Hanna attempted to boss the Philadelphia convention but the delegates would not have it. They nominated Roosevelt when Hanna wanted another man; they seated delegations against the wish of Mr. Hanna; they changed the platform and they did other things which Hanna did not want done.

We will now see how subservient the Kansas City delegates will be to Mr. Bryan. At this stage of the game it looks as if they will obey his commands without a murmur.

The spread of the Boxers in China is easily understood when we find that they declare that the foreigners have come "to teach a foreign and western religion, which is to subvert Chinese nationality, to wreck the venerated social order introduced by Confucius, to destroy the reverence and purity of domestic life and the loyalty to ancestors, and to introduce abominable customs." Such an appeal is the strongest possible to the conservative Chinese, and it paralyzes the efforts of the government to control the movement.

FIVE SUBMARINE BOATS FOR UNCLE SAM



SUBMARINE BOAT IN DOCK.

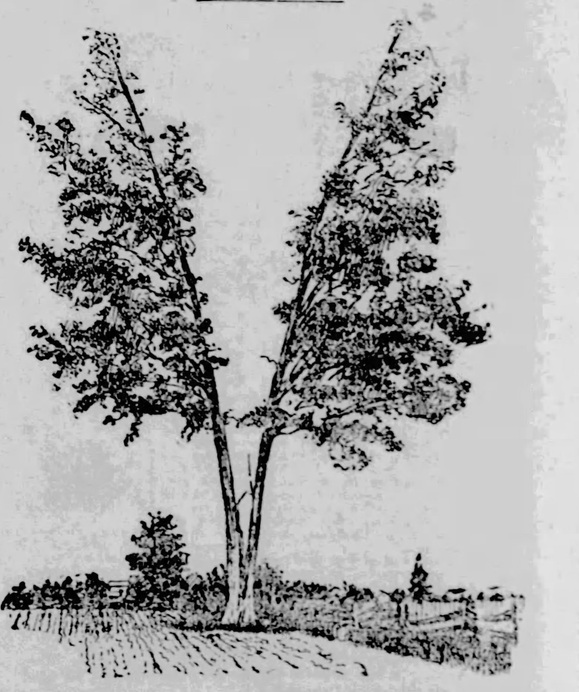
The Holland submarine boat, about which so much was published a couple of years ago, has come nearer fulfilling the requirements of the navy department than it was supposed it would. Since the first tests, which were only measurably successful, some changes have been made in both internal construction and outward appearance, and as a result of supplemental tests Secretary of the Navy Long has ordered from the inventor, under direction of congress, five of these submarine monsters, and these added to our Plunger and the Holland, will give us second rank among the submarine navies of the world. Were all of these seven boats finished and awash in the high seas to-day they could challenge any foreign flotilla of their class at present in existence.

Each of the five new war fishes to be immediately built for us by Mr. Holland will measure 63 1-3 feet from snout to tail and 11 3-4 feet in greatest width. In other words, the improved type will be nine feet longer and eleven and three-fourths feet wider in beam than the present Holland. Sneaking about beneath the blue cover of the deep, each of these new vessels will be able to swim eight knots an hour instead of seven, the submerged speed of the Holland. The new design represents a vessel large enough to allow men to move about on the floor of its cabin without stooping. This more generous interior will admit a crew of seven instead of five men, the complement of the Holland. The impossibility of walking erect in the cabin of the latter would make a long run well nigh impossible. In the new boat the crew will have plenty of room for hanging their hammocks and for storing supplies sufficient for a long run of several days. The surface radius of action, 1,000 miles in the present vessel, will be increased to 1,500 miles. A new type of alternating gasoline engine for surface propulsion will give 180 horse power instead of the Holland's fifty. For submerged runs will be employed a new improvement in waterproof motors driven by sixty storage battery cells beneath the cabin floor. This will have seventy electric horse power, as against the Holland's fifty. By means of a new device whenever one of the crew moves even a fraction of an inch sufficient water to compensate for the disturbance of the vessel's trim will be admitted to or expelled from the proper compartment.

The five new submarine boats are to cost not more than $170,000 apiece. At this rate Uncle Sam can build a flotilla of forty such vessels for the total price of one finished sea-going battleship of the first class. To take a cold-blooded, warlike view, the risk would be proportionately small, when there might be a reasonable chance that a submarine boat with seven men on board, could destroy forty times its worth in property and sink several hundreds of active foemen. Built only as an experiment, any one of these little devils of the deep would not be an expensive luxury. But Admiral Hichborn, chief of the navy's bureau of construction and repair, regards the finished Holland boat as in the practical rather than the experimental stage. He is of the opinion that we should immediately avail ourselves of at least twenty of the improved vessels, but congress cut the number down to five.

Six months will be required for the building of each of the five boats. All of them will not be begun at the same time. They will be completed probably a month or six weeks apart, that any defects in one may be remodeled in those of later construction. At this rate the whole five can be completed within the next year. If they prove successful on final trial their construction will probably be continued at the rate of five or six a year, and thus all improvements suggested by the continuous series of experiments will be gradually embodied in the little vessels as fast as they are launched. Admiral Hichborn is in favor of giving us a first-class submarine navy, superior even to that of France. "I do not think they have any comparison with the Holland in any other navy," is a tribute to the boat already purchased by Uncle Sam. Our authorities have taken due precaution against adopting any submarine boats inferior to the French craft. Our naval attache at Paris has cautiously followed the progress of the French experiments and has submitted to the navy department confidential reports perused by our naval experts.

LIGHTNING'S FREAK NEAR GRAND LEDGE



Grand Ledge, Mich., June 30.—Lightning's latest freak in this vicinity is the splitting of a tree, 90 feet high and 3 feet eight inches in diameter at the butt, from the very tip down through the heart to the ground. The tree is an oak and stands at the roadside two miles from town. The halves of the tree bend outward and are 30 feet apart at the top. All the bark was torn from the trunk to a height from the ground of 30 feet. The owner could have had $25 for the great oak last winter from the Grand Ledge Chair company, but he preferred to "spare that tree."

AN OLLA PEDDLER OF MEXICO.

This picture represents a native Mexican olla seller peddling his wares. The olla is a water cooler. It is made from pottery, and the water remains cool a long time in this earthen vessel, which is in universal use in the households of Mexico and in many sections of the southwest.

Publishers' Column.

RAND McNALLY'S DOLLAR ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

Historical, Political, Commercial, containing colored maps of all the states and territories of the United States, the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and of every country and civil division on the face of the globe. A full page of reading matter is devoted to each map, giving history, education, politics, laws, topography, minerals, manufactures, agriculture and live stock.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipts of $1.00, or we will send the book and the Weekly Blade one year for $1.25.

PRESIDENTIAL COOK BOOK.

Probably the best cook book ever published in this country bears the above title. It is the most popular, has had the largest sale, and is the most practical one for general family use. The price—thousands have sold for two and three dollars each—has placed it beyond the reach of the majority of housekeepers. An edition has been issued in cheap form, with paper covers, containing the same information as the original. It is printed with large type, on good paper, and answers every purpose for use of the ordinary housewife. We have secured a few hundred copies, which we offer to Blade subscribers, postpaid by mail for 45 cents, or we will send a copy free to any person remitting us one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year, and asking for a copy of the book as a premium.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that on expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are not thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.35

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Address with remittance in current funds,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS, READ THE OFFER:

These patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose 10 cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds.) State both title and number of pattern.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

1324—Infant's Sacque.

Sizes for 6 months to 1 year, and 2 years.—As baby's comfort is one of the most important features to be considered in making its little garments this design will be found quite desirable. This tiny garment should be cut amply large

at the neck and with full sleeves always making sure that the armholes are so large that there is not the slightest pressure. French or outing flannel are appropriate materials with the edges simply finished with an embroidered scallop and feather stitching.

1433—Curtis Blouse.

Sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years.—A simple little blouse equally appropriate for play or school wear. It will be found both comfortable and becoming, and easy to make and launder. Woolen or cotton

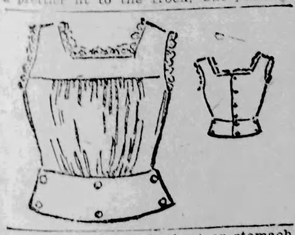
goods may be selected for this model, and the turnover collar, cuffs and plait in front may be trimmed with narrow frills of lace, embroidery, ribbon or the material.

1609—Esther Skirt.

Sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.—A particularly pretty and simple three-gored skirt which may be appropriately worn with any style of blouse, waist or shirt-waist. It is suitable for any of the materials generally employed for little girls' skirts and may be trimmed in any preferred way.

1834—Fide Waist.

Sizes for 8, 10 and 12 years.—A useful and healthful waist is here portrayed. It has a plain back and a square necked yoke in front to which the full front is gathered. This fullness not only gives a prettier fit to the frock, but prevents



any pressure about the bust or stomach. There is a strong fitted band on the waist that should be finished with buttons to hold the underclothing. This waist is made of jean or for the summer of batiste.

1821—Egremont Waist.

Sizes for 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure.—One of the very stylish new designs is the "Egremont" waist. The smart bolero is cut in scallops and is short, both back and front. The front is finished with revers. The vest is fitted, and ends at the neck with a high collar, and there is a tiny scalloped cap at

the top of sleeve. The waist below the bolero is the same, back and front, and ends at the waist line. The material below the jacket is either tucked or plaited. Silk, lace and cloth are successfully developed in this design.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

1091—Cisco Suit.

Sizes for 6, 8 and 10 years.—Comfort and simplicity are portrayed in this jaunty and stylish little suit. It is so simple in style of cut and trimming that it will be found easy to make and launder. Lawn cambric and cotton cheviots are the popular materials for the blouse,

trimmed with ruffles of the material itself, embroidery or lace; and light-weight cloths and heavy cotton materials are used for the trousers.

993—Dorcas Apron.

Medium size only.—A practical design, so simple that it is easily made, and so useful for any kind of work as it protects almost all of the dress. Gingham, demin, and broken Holland, are the pop-

ular materials. There are but two seams in the pattern and the pockets should be placed on the side breadths before the seams are sewed. The edges are simply finished with a bias band stitched on or hemmed.

He Took the Picture After All.

A certain artist declares that a newly betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion, says London Tit-Bits. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist:

"Of course I shall pay for that picture as agreed, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement, but within a week his patron again presented himself.

"It is all right," he announced, joyously, "I'll take the picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession and grinned, as he said:

"Well, not exactly. It was the same place, but the girl was different."

Convenience.

"I reckons we'd better get up some agitation on de subjeck," said Mr. Erastus Pinkney.

"What's de subjeck?" inquired Mr. Aluminum Thompson.

"Dese yere eclipses. Whenever dar's an eclipse dey tells me all de chickens goes to roost, right in de middle ere de day. An' if dat's de case les' hab mo' eclipses. I's tired o' dis waitin' roun' till 1 an' 2 o'clock in de mawnin'."—Washington Star.

History Repeats Itself.

"Why, it's old Diogenes!" cried Skinins, as the ancient philosopher, lighted lantern in hand, plodded slowly down the street.

"Hullo, Dog," cried Patroclus in bantering tones, "found that honest man yet?"

The sage stared up at them.

"Honest man!" he grumbled. "I'm not looking for an honest man. I gave that up long ago."

And he turned to hobble away.

"Then what are you looking for?" cried young young Herclius.

Diogenes paused.

"I'm looking for a hired girl," he growled; 'ours left yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Justice a la Mode.

"Justice," said he, "is well known to strike with an iron hand, but the uppercut is strangely lacking in her repertoire!"

For, as is well known to the student, the victims of justice follow the well known natural low of the higher the fewer.—Indianapolis Press.

CHARACTER IN PEOPLE'S GAIT

Very Many of Them May Be Understood From Their Walk.

"But, gentle sir," said Baptista to Granio, "methinks you walk like a stranger."

It was easy enough for Baptista to see that, for Granio was from Pisa and his gait was not the gait of Padua. Neither are the Chicago gaits exactly like the gaits of other cities, although there are about as many gaits as walkers, says the Chronicle.

All people have or should have "walking rods," but no two people use these rods precisely alike, nor do they have the same way of disposing of their hands or carrying their heads while walking.

No doubt Granio gave himself away, so to speak, by rolling his eyes in a way that expressed curiosity. The things he was seeing in Padua were different from those he was accustomed to in Pisa, and not having sense enough to assume that he knew all about them he walked into the mannerisms of a "gray," which Baptista quickly noticed.

Granios may be seen on the streets of Chicago every day of the week. Their curiosity so absorbs their attention that they are oblivious to the toes and ribs and stomachs of their fellow pedestrians. Their eyes are elevated at the proper angle to observe the top of a skyscraper or on a level with the show windows, but wherever their eyes are looking all sides and the middle of the sidewalk are

THEIR EYES ARE ELEVATED.

theirs, and the street objective point of their curiosity is reached by the most direct line, human obstructions being pushed aside as the hunter thrusts aside the underbrush in his mad rush to get good aim at the game in the opening beyond.

It may be remarked in passing that Granois elevate their heads and shoot out their chins preparatory to emptying their mouths of tobacco juice at the feet if not upon the clothing of their neighbors, meanwhile keeping the eyes firmly fixed upon the object that excites their curiosity. Doubters of Darwin's theory of the evolution of man from the jungle are not students of human nature when it is making itself manifest in street mannerisms on legs.

The suspicion is justified that Dickens fell asleep while building "Dombey & Son" and in his dream saw State street of the future. "The doctor's walk was stately and calculated to impress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march, but when the doctor put out his right foot he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semi-circle toward the left; and when he put out his left foot he would turn in like manner toward the right. So that he seemed, at every stride he took, to look about him, as though he were saying, 'Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed?'" The "doctor" is a fixture in the street throng, and also in the aisles of halls and churches. He is in all professions and lines of business, as well as in the walks of elegant leisure. His walking gait makes one involuntarily say with Job: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

There are men, and women, too, on the streets every day whose gait and carriage of the body remind one of given animals. The elephant man moves along with the step, poise and march of a Falstaff. He takes the middle of the sidewalk, moves firmly and slowly ahead, wearing the self-satisfied smile of might and weight. By common consent the right of eminent domain is granted to him, no one moves out of his way under protest. The magnitude of his physique and the emphatic down-putting

THE DOCTOR IS A FIXTURE.

of his feet, together with his deliberate and positive gait, suggest to his fellow pedestrians that they would save themselves trouble and not retard their going by passing on one or the other side of him.

The serpentine man is generally small of stature, or at least he is slim. His gait is a gliding along with a rapid movement of his feet. He worms in and through the crowd, now on the outside now on the inside and now in the middle of the sidewalk, his body moving like a ship "tacking" before the wind, but making rapid headway every minute. He never elbows any one, never pushes his way through. He just crawls through on his active feet without hurt or giving hurt, and he reaches the other corner before the elephant man has recovered his equilibrium after making the last crossing.

The kangaroo man has a hop-and-skip gait. His carriage is not at all dignified. He crosses the street in bounds, jumps around the moving street car and hops on whatever may be in his way on the sidewalk or is likely to soil the polish on his shoes. His gait, kangaroolike as it is, does not indicate meanness. He is simply in a hurry and does not care a rap for the grace of deliberate locomotion. He is not mindful, however, of the ribs of his fellows on the sidewalk, but in his hurry to "get there" he forgets that there are others on earth.

With distance rapidly increasing between himself and the kangaroo man, "the major walked arm-in-arm with Mr. Dombey, his legs majestically wide apart, and his great head wagging from side to side, as if he were remonstrating with himself for being such a captivating object." The "major" is generally a man of leisure, and the better his barber dyes his hair and mustache and the better the dermatologist arrests evidences of advancing age in his face the better a major is he. The gait of his kind is the gait of no other member of the animal kingdom. His is a cross between a strut, a shuffle and a pace.

The hog man has a gait that is known of all men, but no man could describe it. He roots his way through the crowd, never caring for the corns or the shins

MIDDLE OF THE SIDEWALK.

of others, roots his way into the restaurant and puts both feet into the trough. He grunts when things come his way and he grunts when they do not. He roots his way to the warmest seat in the street car in the winter and to the coolest in the summer. His family, or rather his species, are many.

The ferocious animal man is known by his gait and his voice. His gait is more of a menacing strut than a walk and he collides with every one smaller than himself if his path is not made clear, and above the din of the collision may be heard his harsh voice, which more resembles the growl of the tiger than the speech of man. It is no concern of his whose ribs his elbow jabs. The world to him is a great forest, in which the strong live upon the weak. He is seen at his worst when in company with the philanthropist or the humanitarian, because of the pronounced contrast.

At a little distance every pedestrian "looks like one falling forward," but the firmer the foot touches the ground the more pleasing the gait. And, too, at a little distance that is elevated the thing, as a whole, shows the swinging gait, the dog trot, the creeping gait, the pompous gait, the cross between a walk and a jug-along gait, and what a swinging of

CROSSES IN BOUNDS.

bodies in a sea of legs and heads it all is!

The observer sees, too, that no pedestrian walks in a straight line. That is because he cannot; the four-footed animal is the only member of the third kingdom that can walk between two points as if walking on the crack in the floor of a house. Human animals must bear a little to the right and then to the left to keep their balance. One may tell about how much one sways by first "keeping step" with a companion and then by breaking the step. It will be found to be from two to three inches.

STRANGE AFFECTION OF TRAMP DOGS

Two tramp dogs wandered into Kirkwood, Mo., from no one knows where last week. People noticed them prowling around the back entrances of houses, but gave them no especial attention until compelled to do so by the wails of one of the animals, a dog with a trace of shepherd blood in his veins. The wild, weird howls coming from in front of the Presbyterian church at midnight caused an investigation by a few who were out late. They found one of the dogs lying in front of the church dead. A wagon had run over him. The print of the tires was across his body. At his side sat the shepherd dog, reared back on his haunches and howling as if in a delirium of agony. This continued all night, for those who tried to drive Pythias away were only snapped at.

In the morning the town marshal tried to coax the animal away from the corpse, but he would not budge, though he had been howling a dirge for twelve hours. And when any one attempted to approach the remains of the dead dog he snapped and showed his teeth menacingly.

The marshal was perplexed. Finally some one suggested that he be lassooed and dragged away, while others took the remains of the dead dog and buried them. The marshal adopted this method with entire success, for the dog was dragged away despite his protestant howls. Then the remains of the dead dog were taken in an opposite direction and buried, after which he was turned loose, given a kick, and told to "begone." The dog put his nose to the ground and started off. An hour later he was found lying on his partner's grave, occasionally giving forth a howl of irreconcilable grief. People are beginning to think he deserves a reward for his devotion, and several of the most kind-hearted are talking of adopting him.

A Few Years Hence.

The Wayfarer—Please, can you help a pore man that can't git no work at his trade?

The Philanthropist—And what is your trade, please?

"It used to be stealin' horses—when they was horses fer to be stole."—Indianapolis Press.

Intelligence of Animals.

A German naturalist has collected evidence that monkeys, dogs, cats, birds and other animals recognize themselves or other animals in mirrors and pictures.

Her Instrument.

"Does Miss Giddy play?" asked Professor Dalsegno of Mr. Hunker.

"Oh, yes. She's playing young Callowhill now."—Detroit Free Press.

Impossible.

They say the Philadelphia stenographer who has just inherited $50,000 is very plain. She can't be with all that money.—Bloomington Pantagraph.

After Dinner

To assist digestion, relieve distress after eating or drinking too heartily, to prevent constipation, take

Hood's Pills

Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

QUEER WAY TO MAKE A WILL

Paralyzed Woman Made Her Wishes Known by Means of Cards.

Miss Edith Marion Moore of London, who recently died, executed what was probably the queerest will ever admitted to probate in a British court. She had been long afflicted with paralysis, which brought on aphasia, a condition in which she could not express herself by words and could not give instructions on her own initiative. On separate cards were written the names of all her relatives

UNUSUAL WAY IN WHICH A DYING WOMAN DISPOSED OF HER PROPERTY.

and these cards were made into one pack. On another lot of cards were placed descriptions of each separate piece of property she possessed. Then the cards were dealt out to her one at a time from each pack. When the name of her brother, Arthur John Moore, was turned up the other pack was turned over until the card containing the name of her property in Ballycohy, Ireland, came to the top and she indicated by signs that it was her desire he should have this estate. After all of her property had been disposed of in this way came the selection of an executor. The pack containing the names of her relatives was gone over again and she selected the one bearing the name of her brother Arthur. Apparently she wanted another executor to be appointed and the cards were gone over again, but none of the names seemed to hit her. She tried to write on a paper the name of the person she wanted, but what she wrote could not be read, so finally she agreed that her brother should be the sole executor. The will was drawn up and read carefully to her and she affixed her mark to it.

Two relatives, however, thought that the will was not duly executed, that it was not drawn and prepared according to her instructions and that she did not approve of its contents, so they contested it. The judge decided that the mode of

A MILLION VOTES.

Chicago, June 27.—The Record says to-day:

It has developed that the Prohibitionists of the United States expect to go before the Democratic national convention at Kansas City, July 4, with a list of 1,000,000 voters pledged to support Wm. J. Bryan, if the Democratic party will adopt a prohibition plank in its platform.

The advocates of this movement do not expect the Democrats to favor such a plank, but they believe and insist that it will be the entering wedge which will finally split one or the other of the two great parties and build upon the ruins the foundation of a new party.

The plan of pledging 1,000,000 voters who signed an agreement to support no candidate who would not stand firmly on the prohibition issue originated with the Ram's Horn, a magazine which is recognized as the mouthpiece of prohibition. It is said the national Prohibition convention will indorse the effort of the Ram's Horn.

Many of the delegates upon hearing of the action to be taken at Kansas City wanted to know why the matter was not taken up with the Republican convention at Philadelphia. Inquiry, however, showed that the list of pledgers was not complete at that time.

CUBAN JUSTICE.

Havana, June 28.—A Cuban policeman who recently killed an American named Welsh and against whom the evidence was apparently complete, in the opinion of army officers and others who saw the whole affair, has just been acquitted by the judges in circumstances so extraordinary that Governor General Wood will order an investigation. The fiscal said the case had been completely proved and he demanded a sentence of fourteen years.

Americans in Havana are very indignant over what they claim is a studied attempt to show the Cubans that it is no crime to kill Americans. They refer to a case occurring some months ago when a Cuban editor killed Mr. Smith, the American collector of customs at Gibara. On the trial the fiscal said he rose with regret to request the punishment of a Cuban for killing one of the "intervenors," an act which, in his opinion, "was scarcely a crime."

LEPROSY IN IDAHO.

Boise City, Idaho, June 29.—Leprosy has broken out among the Idaho volunteers returned from the Philippines, according to a report made to the state health authorities. Great secrecy is maintained as to names and details.

It is known, however, that four cases are being looked into, and that one of these is beyond question leprosy. The victim is the son of an Episcopal clergyman in Blaine county, and is now isolated in the mountains near Wood river. He lives in a cabin, and nobody sees him except the members of the family, who take him food and other supplies. It is said that his face is already in a horrible condition and that his voice is affected. The other cases are not so bad.

If it is found that these four young men have genuine leprosy, a leper colony will be formed. Another plan that has been suggested is to send them to the Utah leper colony. This is near Logan, Utah, and is made up of Hawaiians converted by Mormon missionaries.

The Idaho volunteers were exposed to leprosy over a year ago, when they were campaigning against the Filipinos. Several of these soldiers recklessly exposed themselves, declaring at the time that there was no danger to white men, but the tropical climate and the insufficient, often half-putrid food that they were forced to live on did its work. No symptoms developed, however, until after the return home.

Bristow in Washington.

Washington, June 29.—Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, who returned to Washington from Cuba last night, had a conference to-day lasting two hours with the postmaster general. He made an informal report on the investigation of Cuban postal affairs which he has been conducting and gave his views in regard to the developments. Gen. Bristow will submit a written report as soon as practicable, but it will require several days to complete it.

RESERVOIR BURST.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 2.—The reservoir of the city water works system burst early to-day, letting loose a deluge of more than 100,000,000 gallons of water upon a thickly populated district on the hillside immediately beneath it. The damage is estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars. Houses and barns were washed away, others were badly damaged, and a district three blocks square was partly wrecked. None of the houses in that district escaped damage. Many are filled with sand. The Grand Trunk railway tracks were undermined so that trains had to be sent around by the Pere Marquette.

Mrs. William Cooper, aged 30, was swept away by the flood and buried in a mass of sand and wreckage. Her injuries may prove fatal. Her husband was also badly injured. A number of others sustained minor injuries.

The district swept by the flood is occupied by the houses of workingmen, and the losses are consequently the more deeply felt.

The break was first seen by Burt Botsford, a boy delivering morning newspapers. It was then only a tiny stream, but realizing the importance of his discovery, the lad aroused hundreds from sleep and urged them to escape.

The reservoir gave way at the gatehouse near Livingstone street, pouring down hill a stream 30 feet wide and 10 feet deep. A number of houses were swept from their foundations and carried away on the flood and crushed, and some streets were torn up to a depth of 40 feet.

CHEROKEES FEAR CENSUS.

Vinita, I. T., June 27.—Edward N. Washburne, United States census enumerator, has been having a rough time of it in his district in the Cherokee reservation.

The full-blood Cherokee Indians are resisting being enumerated, and meet Mr. Washburne and his assistant, Mr. Mouse, with Winchester rifles in their hands. They do not understand the object of the United States in taking the census, and evidently believe the enumeration is being made for allotment purposes.

They call Mr. Washburne and Mr. Mouse traitors, and say they will burn the census roll and remove the enumerators if they do not cease work. Mr. Washburne has been ordered to make the attempt once more, and if he fails Supervisor Darrough will send deputies from the marshal's office to put the Indians in jail until they answer the questions of the enumerators.

The full-blood Cherokees generally belong to a secret society called The Keetoowah Society," which opposes allotment. An uprising is threatened if the United States attempts to force matters.

ROUGH RIDERS' CLUB.

Lyons, Neb., June 27.—In response to a telegram sent by the president of the Rough Riders' Club to Theodore Roosevelt stating that a large Rough Riders' Club had just been organized here and asking him for a flag the following reply has been received:

"Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 25.—To John F. Piper, Chairman of Republican Central Committee, Lyons, Neb.: Thanks. Will send flag. (Signed)

"THEO. ROOSEVELT."

Fire in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 29.—One fireman was killed and eleven others injured and nearly $5,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in a fire that broke out in the machine shop of the Best Manufacturing Company, on Twenty-fifth street, shortly after 6 o'clock this morning.

About 250 men will be thrown out of employment by the fire. The insurance will fairly cover the loss. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The fire rendered three families homeless, the walls of the burning building making it unsafe to remain in the house.

Precaution Against Plague.

New York, June 27.—The board of health has decided to thoroughly disinfect the Chinese quarters in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Coney Island, as a measure of precaution against the plague. The board of estimate to-day appropriated $20,000 for the work, which will be immediately begun.

THIS SHOWS PROSPERITY

Remarkable Statement of Many Great Financial Interests.

New York, July 2.—A larger amount of money by far will be distributed in interest and dividend payments during the present month than ever before at one period during the history of the country. Estimate of the disbursements range from $105,000,000 to $125,000,000, and the greater sum is regarded by no means as extravagant in view of the fact that numerous municipalities, banks and private companies make payments at this time that are not recorded.

Of the disbursements, the Daily Stockholder, which has tabulated the figures for a series of years, will say to-morrow:

"The prosperity of the country and the phenomenal growth of its industries are reflected by interest and dividend payments this month, which exceed even those of last January and are the largest ever known. Interest is due on bonds having a face value of $3,330,056,178 and calls for $63,949,326. Dividends are payable on stocks having a par value of $1,741,488,682, requiring $38,621,252. Combined interest and dividend payments, therefore, are $105,570,578, against $94,324,708 last year, $84,822,781 in 1898, $78,122,803 in 1897 and $72,471,066 in 1896. Interest to the amount of $5,000,000 is also due on government bonds, so that the total recorded disbursements for July will exceed $110,000,000."

The January and July disbursements are always awaited with interest in the financial world, and these are the heaviest periods of the year, and the distribution of the vast sums has a far-reaching effect upon the commercial community. At the present time the arrangements to make the vast distribution have been coincident with a stagnant stock market, as a result of which there has been no derangement of loans and no noticeable effect on call money rates, which ruled at about 1 1-2 per cent during the week, as against 6 per cent a year ago at this time and very much higher figures in January last.

The heaviest amount to be disbursed at this time is that of the Federal government, which distributes a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent on the 4 per cent bonds of 1907, of which on May there were $368,803,250 outstanding, and one-half of 1 per cent on $284,228,050 new 2 per cent bonds. The payment will amount to $5,110,072.

Among the railroad companies the heaviest payers at this time are the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, $3,345,887; Southern railroad, $2,057,055; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, $1,929,035; Union Pacific, $1,928,160; Baltimore & Ohio, $1,997,937; Pennsylvania railroad, $1,546,659; Great Northern railroad, $1,527,711, and Erie, $1,514,709.

Conspicuous among the heavy distributers of dividends at this time on the corporation stock list are the Chicago & Northwestern, $1,765,355; New York Central, $1,437,500; New York, New Haven & Hartford, $1,066,172, and the Lake Shore, $1,731,332.

Among the industrial and mining companies Amalgamated Copper will pay $1,500,000; Calumet and Hecla, $1,000,000; American Telegraph and Telephone (Bell), $1,596,937, and the Western Union Telegraph, $1,216,759.

Fololwing is a list which shows the sources of payments at this time of sums of $300,000 or more:

PAYMENT OF INTEREST.

	Rate.	Amount Interest.
United States Government	...	$ 5,110,072
Baltimore and Ohio	...	1,997,937
Canada Southern	2½	350,000
Central of New Jersey	2½	1,248,220
Chicago & Grand Trunk	...	328,083
Chic., Burlington & Quincy	...	1,929,035
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	...	3,345,887
Chi., Rock Island & Pacific	...	1,062,720
Cleve., Cin., Chi. & St. Louis	...	257,500
Denver & Rio Grande	...	450,000
Erie	...	1,514,709
Great Northern	...	1,527,711
Illinois Central	...	799,840
Lehigh Valley	...	674,000
Louisville & Nashville	...	626,125
Mexican Central	...	1,219,200
Minn., St. Paul & Ste. Marie	2	660,160
New England	...	480,000
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis	...	323,130
N. Y., Lack. & Western	3	840,000
N. Y. Central & Hudson R.	...	1,437,500
Northern Pacific	...	800,000
Oregon & California	2½	450,625
Oregon Short Line	...	525,000
Pennsylvania	...	1,546,500
Pennsylvania Co.	...	436,000
Reading	...	1,429,240
Rio Grande Western	2	1,140,000
St. Louis & Iron Mountain	...	462,500
St. Louis & San Francisco	...	659,270
San Antonio & Ark. Pass.	2	275,000
Seaboard Air Line	...	613,121
Southern Pacific	...	834,375
Southern Railway	...	2,057,055
Union Pacific	2	1,928,160
Wabash	...	866,630
West Shore	2	1,000,000
Wisconsin Central	...	350,000
Am. Telephone & Telegraph	2	3,910,000
American Writing Paper	2½	475,000
Commercial Cable	2	2,000,000
New Amsterdam Gas	2½	434,375
People's Gas Light & Coke	...	326,250
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	...	3,910,000
Manhattan Elevated	3	874,500

DIVIDENDS.

	Rate.	Amount dividend.
Boston & Albany	2	$ 500,000
Boston & Maine com	1¾	1,172,460
Chi. & Northwestern com.	2	1,765,355
Chi. Great Western deb	2	214,500
Delaware, Lack. & West	1¾	455,000
Denver & Rio Grande	2	475,000
Fitchburg pfd.	2	250,747
Lake Shore & Mich. South.	2½	1,731,332
Michigan Central	...	274,000
Morris & Essex	...	225,000
New York & Harlem	4 1-2	433,333
N. Y. Central & Hudson R.	1¾	1,437,500
N. Y., New Haven & Hart.	2	1,066,172
Northern Pacific com	1	600,000
Phila., Wilmington & Balti.	2	254,000
Pitsb. Ft. Wayne & Chi.	1¾	350,000
Rensselaer & Saratoga	4	400,000
United N. J. R. R. & Canal	2½	631,010

INTERESTED LADIES.

Working in a Good Cause.

"In the Institution where I am employed as nurse (the Home for Aged Women) we find many ladies suffering from gastric trouble caused by coffee.

"My own personal experience is that since a child I have been a moderate drinker of coffee, but most of the latter years have suffered from acidity of the stomach, sluggish liver and nervousness.

"I finally gave up coffee entirely, about three years ago, using hot water in its place. Of course, after removing the cause, the symptoms disappeared, but I seemed to need a beverage more strengthening than hot water, as my occupation of nurse required considerable exertion. I began to look about for a suitable breakfast beverage and undertook the preparation of one by browning some wheat berries and using that as coffee, but the result was far from satisfactory. Finally I came across Postum Food Coffee, on a visit at my home in Roselle, N. J., and found it exactly fitted the case.

"I have been using it regularly and introduced it to our institution. When it was first served, it was not satisfactory, but I looked into the matter and insisted upon having it boiled fully fifteen minutes after the actual boiling had started, not counting the time that it was on the stove before boiling began. The next time it appeared you would not think it was the same article. It was so much improved. Several of the patients decided to use it to the exclusion of coffee, and I found that its use reduced the number of cases of indigestion. The result has been very gratifying, and for two years now, Postum Food Coffee has been in daily use at the Home.

"Mrs. Matilda Seaver and Miss Anna Merrill are desirous that their names be used to help forward the good cause. My mother has been greatly helped by the discontinuance of coffee. She was formerly subject to cramps, but they have entirely disappeared since she has abandoned coffee and taken up Postum Food Coffee. Respectfully," Miss E. Stryker, Elizabeth, N. J.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cures of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly, some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed. I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., 46 Fort Dearborn Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia cured at last. Previously paralyzed, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Amalgamated Copper	2	1,500,000
American Express	3	840,000
Am. Smelting & Ref. pf.	1¾	875,000
Am. Steel Wire com.	1¼	875,000
Am. Steel & Wire pfd.	1¼	875,000
Am. Telegraph & Telephone	2½	1,596,937
Am. Sugar Refining com.	1½	564,000
Am. Sugar Refining pfd.	1½	645,000
American Tin Plate pfd.	1½	250,000
American Woollen pfd.	1½	300,000
Calumet & Hecla Mining	4	1,000,000
Continental Tobacco pfd.	1½	854,700
Federal Steel pfd.	1½	750,000
International Paper pfd.	1½	300,000
Mergenthaler Linotype	3	840,000
National Steel pfd.	1½	675,000
National Tube pfd.	1½	750,000
Republic Iron & Steel pfd.	1½	264,000
Swift & Co.	2	840,000
Tamarack Mining Co.	3	450,000
United Gas Improvement	1	350,000
U. S. Leather pfd.	1½	675,000
U. S. Rubber pfd.	1	375,000
Western Union Telegraph	1¼	1,216,759
Westinghouse Air Brake	1½	525,000
Chicago City Railroad	2	200,000
Metropolitan St. Railway	1½	787,500
Manhattan Elevated R. R.	1	675,000

The following is a conservative summary of the sums about to be distributed:

Government interest payment	$ 5,110,072
Railroad interest payment	69,746,791
Industrial int. payment	8,784,619
Traction interest payment	1,185,435
	$ 83,827,119
Railroad dividend payments	17,822,069
Industrial div. payments	22,777,555
Traction div payments	2,118,869
New York banks (est.) div. payments	1,746,500
	44,466,993
Grand total	$104,413,976

The dividend list of the industrial companies contains for the average Wall street mind one of the chief points of interest, exceeding, as it does, the aggregate of dividend payments of the railroads. In a quiet manner other industrial securities will be found for the first time among dividend payers. These are the common stocks of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing company, the National Salt company, the National Tube company, and the American Car and Foundry company.

SCHOOL OF TURTLES.

Philadelphia, June 28.—Captain Dahl, of the Norwegian steamer Stransit, from Port de Paix to this port, reports an unusual adventure with a school of sleeping sea turtles off Cape Charles.

When the turtles were seen by the lookout they were thought to be a huge shoal, and preparations were made to keep the vessel from grounding on it. Satisfied that the ship must be out of her course, Captain Dahl sent down a hurry call for charts to ascertain "where he was at." He knew that no shoals were located in that vicinity, and he was sadly puzzled to understand how he could have deviated so far from the right course.

When the ship slowed down for the purpose of investigating the strange obstruction, the captain saw that the supposed shoal was gently rising and falling with the swell of the waves and showing signs of animation. It was then that he perceived that he had run afoul of a school of turtles taking a siesta.

Not one of the turtles looked to be less than nine feet in diameter. They must have weighed at least 1,000 pounds each.

With a rude disregard for the comfort and convenience of the sleeping sea monsters, Captain Dahl crowded on steam and plowed right through the school.

To the slumbering turtles the awakening was unexpected and terrifying. The few that escaped death scuttled away out of danger as fast as their cumbersome bodies would permit.

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS.

Springfield, Ill., June 27.—The Democratic state convention reconvened today to complete the ticket and adopt a platform. The list of delegates and alternates to the national convention was read and approved. Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, chairman of the committee on resolutions, then read the platform. The document endorses the national platform of 1896 "in whole and in all its parts." It denounces the national administration as "the weakest in the history of the nation," and especially condemns the "cowering attitude of the President and his advisers in refusing consolation and sympathy to the heroic Boers in their struggle for independence," invokes public condemnation of "an administrative policy which denies to Cuba, Porto Rico and

Common Sense or Self-Control: Which?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Common sense and courage are the two things necessary in this world of ours to make life successful.

This is true looked at from either point of view—the material or the spiritual.

"Who is to say what is common sense?" Sophonisba asked sententiously, having heard me make the above announcement with a good deal of emphasis.

That thought hadn't occurred to me. I had always considered common sense as something desirable; something that would keep people from becoming fools and cranks, holding them level as it were; something that would prevent them from running off into tangents to generally accepted conditions, thus making things needlessly uncomfortable.

"Nobody needs to say anything about it," I replied after a moment's hesitation, looking at Sophonisba's serene face with my severest let-me-alone expression. "Everybody who has common sense knows what common sense is without being told, and those who haven't could never be made to understand in what it consists," and I settled back with the conviction that I had scored a point.

Sophonisba "settled back" too, and I saw her war paint was on. Sophonisba's "war paint," I wish to explain, is made of a quiet but firm determination never to turn back in a path she has taken, until she sees its ending. I have known the time when this feature of her character proved exceedingly disagreeable and it was so in this case.

"Suppose you tell me what you mean by common sense," she said with an uncalled-for emphasis upon the "you."

"Common sense is—well—common sense is—is—why, it is common sense," I replied after a moment's hesitation.

"Exactly. I agree with you and so will everybody else," she said; "common sense is something which cannot be defined, because to each individual it means just what accords with his or her own idea of what is wise and best. The British think common sense ought to lead the Boers to lay down their arms and like good little boys submit to the inevitable right away. The Boers do not look at it in that light. That embodiment of political bossism whose nod has made the Republican party shake to its center for the last few years, thought he was talking common sense the other day when he got off that jumble about "women in politics," "evening toilets," "pink teas," and "ruining their delicate mental and spiritual and ethical mechanism" by interesting themselves in anything outside of their home and babies, while you and I believe his brain-wheel had slipped a cog with this result. Common sense, you see is, after all, a relative thing, and so I return to my original question—who is to decide what is common sense?"

"It comes to it then, that everybody has to decide for himself," I said.

"Just as everybody does," interrupted Sophonisba.

"And that there is really no standard," I continued.

"Nothing only not to make oneself odd and ridiculous in the eyes of the majority of the people," remarked Sophonisba. "In reality common sense as we hear the term used ordinarily, means to plod along on the dusty highway where the crowd are marching, without looking around to see if there is no better way. I am tired of all of this talk about common sense, as applied to individual life and action."

"What would you put in its place?" I asked.

"Self-control," she responded emphatically. "And that means good judgment. Possessing self-control, and in nine cases out of ten a person will see what is best to be done under any given set of circumstances. Unite that with courage and there is a combination which is hard to defeat. As a matter of fact though, I believe self-control and courage are almost identical."

I demurred at this.

Sophonisba insisted upon her point.

I reminded her that she had courage almost without limit, but sometimes failed in self-control, recalling to her memory the episode of the rat when she jumped some three feet perpendicularly upward, because it flitted across her bare feet; and of the war dance she executed when she found a big, soft, velvety worm upon the top of her head, one summer evening when she was sitting upon the porch, just as she was now.

"Those things happened ages ago," she said scornfully. "I've had time to learn many lessons in the art of self-control since then, and it would take a great deal more than a rat or a worm to shake me out of the condition of partial serenity I have reached through struggle."

Sophonisba did not speak this boastingly, but simply as a reminder that growth is the result of effort, and that she had made such effort successfully.

Silence fell between us for a season, while I thought over what had been said about common sense and self-control. Slowly the great silver moon climbed towards the zenith, leaving its path of white radiance in the deep blue of the sky. The leaves rustled under the touch of the soft breeze, whispering of the secrets of nature which she held untold in her bosom.

"Yes," said Sophonisba, dreamily, "with self-control and courage—always self-control first"——

There came a sudden pause. She had been leaning easily back in her chair, but I noted a straightening and a stiffening of her spinal column, with a quick movement as if she were about to flee away.

"Come," she said in a husky voice, springing to her feet, "come with me," and she led the way into the hall with hurried step. I followed her. The gas was burning low.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Turn up the light," she said hastily. "Turn—up—that—light," and the words came like bullets as I moved to do as she wished. "There's something—creeping," with a double-barreled accent upon the creeping—"on my neck. Take it away! Take—it—away! I shall scream unless you take it away this instant!"

I "took it away." And what do you think it was? A little yellow worm about an inch long, which had found itself out of place and was trying to get somewhere else as fast as possible. I carried it forth and deposited it gently upon a green leaf, because I did not want to needlessly cut short its evolutionary opportunity.

When I returned Sophonisba looked a little foolish. Nothing was said, however, until we were about parting for the night, when I fixed her with my eye—usually the process is individually reversed—and remarked in slow and measured accents:

"Yes, with self-control and courage—always self-control first"——

Sophonisba's door closed with what I thought was needless emphasis.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me—
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod.
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God!

—St. Paul's.

The Household

EDITED BY EMILY S. BOUTON

The Cozy Corner.

Vacation and the Fourth of July together are enough to cause the calmest parent a little anxiety. If the boy survives the "gun powder day" (which is really all the "Fourth" means to the majority of children) there still remains two months of irregularly occupied time to be considered before he is once more safely employed for a portion of each day, in school work. It is not strange that many mothers are anxious to know how to solve the question, "What shall we do with the children during vacation?"

Mary S. B., a mother from Indiana, sends these suggestions:

I have four children, two girls of eight and ten, and two boys twelve and fourteen years of age, respectively. Every summer when vacation comes I have the same trouble that all mothers do, I suppose, in deciding what is best for them and for me. I believe that two months of idleness, or mere pleasure, is bad for any one, children or grown ups, and so arrange that my young folks will have stated duties for each day of their vacation.

The boys must see that there is a good supply of firewood cut and neatly piled in the shed, not only for the summer, but to be ready when they commence school in the fall, and do not have time to attend to it. They wash windows and porches, keep the garden paths clean and do a great many things that must be done for a family of six persons. They only work in the forenoon, and I find they enjoy the afternoon, which is theirs for any amusement they wish, very much more than do our neighbor's boys who are idle all day.

I teach the girls to cook and to do all kinds of housework, giving each her especial duty for a week at a time, changing it often enough to prevent it from becoming tiresome. In the afternoon I go with them on excursions or picnics, when they wish me to, and if the day is stormy we sew and visit with each other. In the evenings all of the children are free to invite their friends to visit them, and I do not believe there is a happier family than ours in Indiana.

I enjoy the vacation time, as it gives me an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with my children and with their friends and companions. They are willing to do this part of the work because in that way they are helping me.

This summer my eldest boy is assisting in his father's store, and is earning money which is to be a "nest egg" for his expenses at college, when he shall be graduated from our high school.

One of my neighbors was complaining to me of being so tired, doing her usual work and the extra that came on account of preparing for vacation company and excursions. When I suggested that she have her children help her, she said: "They won't do a thing only make trouble when they are out of school, and I don't know as I blame them. Children who study for ten months in the year must have their fun the other two months." As a parting remark she said she did not think her children or any others, cared to have their mother "tagging around to all of their parties," a hint that did not cause me a bit of trouble, although I understood it was intended for me.

Cousin Patsy answers Arkansas thus:

Allow me to say to Arkansas that although I have never taught in any school where the teacher was required to buy candy for her pupils, I have often found that by giving it to them occasionally, it has helped to make them happy and more easily managed.

I always try to make the last day of school especially pleasant for my scholars by giving them a treat of some kind, and am always amply repaid for the expense and trouble, by the children's enjoyment of it.

Last Christmas, when the term closed I bought several pounds of candy and distributed it in pretty boxes tied with ribbon, marking each with the name of the girl or boy to whom it was to be given. I arranged these boxes in the form of a pyramid on a table in the school room, and when the exercises of the day were over, each child took one, the tallest girl being given that on the apex of the pyramid, and so on according to the size, down to the little tots, some of whom could just reach the top of the table.

After they had all been served and I was about to dismiss them I was greatly surprised to have them come, one at a time, and present to me some little gift each had bought for my Christmas, and it was hard to tell which was enjoyed most, the gifts they give or those they received.

In vacation time there are always more accidents to the children's clothing than at any other time, and Frances Howard calls attention to some of the remedies. She says: For grass stains wet the spots with alcohol. To remove iron rust use stewed, unsweetened rhubarb. To remove pine pitch or wagon grease, rub well with fresh lard and after a few moments, wash in soap and water rinsing well with clear water. Grease can be removed from woolen goods by sponging with cold strong coffee.

If white clothes become mildewed, cover the places with lemon juice, or dip in a solution of chloride of lime and water—1 tablespoonful of lime to 1 gallon of water, and let it lie till the spots disappear then wash in clear water.

If you come home from a picnic "all bitten up" by mosquitoes, bathe the parts so afflicted with ammonia weakened with water; salt and water is beneficial to some and camphor to others, while an immediate application of wet dirt will help in nearly every instance, and also, in case of the bite of snakes or any poisonous insect.

Lonely Hoosier asks if any one can tell him where to find the song commencing: "The Old Home is not what it used to be."

Bride-elect "wonders" how the custom of throwing old shoes after a bride originated? It is not for a very complimentary reason as we learn from an old book of "signs." It was formerly the custom of mothers to chastise their children with a slipper, and the father presented the groom with a shoe as a sign that it was his right to keep the bride in order in the same manner. From this arose the present custom.

School Boy:—The total length of the Brooklyn bridge, including approaches, is 6,537 feet. The longest bridge in the world is the railroad bridge over the Danube river, it being, without the approaches, 13,325 feet long. The Mississippi bridge is 10,600 feet.

The Merry Go-Rounds

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

This week Miss Prudence had the pleasure of a visit "in the flesh" with our "Addie," who for three years has been the "help-meet" of "Scarlet Wing" (another of our Merry-Go-Rounrs,) in his pastoral work in Oregon. It is sufficient to say that the Chaperone was not disappointed in her girl in any wa, but found her the happy, intelligent woman she expected from the letters that had been received from her. "Addie" left greetings for all her friends in the M. G. R., and promises to renew her correspondence with us, after her return to her Western home, and her dear "Scarlet Wing."

"Dark- Eyes," who has been absent for so long that we all had reason to think that she had forsaken us, now gives an explanation of her silence; it was caused by following the example of "Addie," "New England Girl," "Bonnie Burnie," and others. Here is her letter:

It has been so long since I last visited the M. G. R.'s that I fear that Miss Prudence will refuse me admittance, but I really mean to do better in the future if she will again receive me into the fold.

I gave up the title of school-ma'am more than a year ago for that of a "Ranch-Man's Wife," and left the prairies of Illinois for the plains of Colorado. I called especially to-day to invite our Chaperone, and as many of the M. G. R.'s as can, to come out and spend the summer on our large sheep and hay ranch, so that you may see what a free and happy life we lead. Hereafter you may know me as "Will's Wife."

"Oleta F." invites us to attend an initial party at her home on June 28. She asks each one to send their M. G. R. name and the initials of their proper name, so that all may guess 'who is who.'"

As it will hardly be possible for the M. G. R.'s to accept this kind invitation, Miss Prudence hereby sends our regrets, and hopes we may have the pleasure of meeting "Oleta F." at some future time.

"Marillia" came in just long enough to give us all kinds of greetings, and to express a hope that the M. G. R.'s will do their part in sending aid to the sufferers in China.

Many of the M. G. R.'s will remember with pleasure the "Country Greeney" who had such wonderful collections of minerals and curiosities, and who wrote such interesting letters about them. He has written again under his new name of "Oleta," as follows:

It has been a long time since I "spoke in meetin'." I have not lost my interest in our column, nor forgotten the members of the M. G R., but felt that I had nothing to write that would interest them.

I would like to ask what has becomes of "Mountain Ranger," "Egyptian Friend," "The Doctor," "Mudie May," "N. E. Girl," "Zack Stubbs," "Floyd Flaxton," "Ferne Hazleton," "Pastry Cook," and others who formerly wrote us such excellent letters. Why will they not come again? I am sure we would be glad to hear from them.

How many of you are interested in flowers? I am, for one, and my front yard, which is about fifty feet square, is filled with them. It presents a pretty sight, and one which I wish you all could see.

The Fourth of July is my birthday anniversary, and I invite each one of you to send me a birthday letter at that time, though if they come a little later they will be just as welcome. Enclose them in an envelope to Miss Prudence, and she will address and forward them.

Miss Prudence will forward all letters that are properly stamped. "Oleta" is not alone in his wish that the correspondents named would return to us. There are many who read The Blade who would be glad to see their letters again.

Before closing this week's work with "Cousin Patsy's" paper on our July study, Miss Prudence wishes to commend to you her method of self culture. In a private letter she states that she has found it very helpful to devote half an hour each day to writing her thoughts upon any subject that presents itself to her attention, and upon looking over the package of these "half-hour essays" she recalls many interesting facts.

That this plan has been beneficial to the writer is evident to any who will notice the improvement in the present paper, as compared with those of her earlier efforts, and the Chaperone would recommend the same course to others who are ambitious to improve themselves in this line. Here is her July study:

We may learn several important lessons from our poem for this month. The "perfect pebble" and the "diamond with a flaw" represent two classes in society. Many who, at their best, are only pebbles, have, in their own estimation, reached a state of perfection which entitles them to judge others, and to see the flaws in those who really are far superior to themselves.

These people, in the kindness (?) of their hearts will often endeavor to encourage others by suggesting the possibility of their some time reaching the enviable (?) position that they (the pebbles) consider they are filling.

There is another class of persons who, in striving to do "all the good they can" may well be called diamonds, and although, very often, flaws may be found in them, the imperfections are overlooked and forgiven because of the many Christian graces they possess.

We must not expect that a perfect character can be formed in a day; it is the work of a lifetime. We should strive each day to eliminate from our lives at least one fault, and to add one virtue that shall help us to become "perfect, even as our father in Heaven is perfect," for so are we commanded to do.

Written for The Blade.

UNCLE SAMMY U. S. A.

LOUISE LATHAM WALLS.

A cloud of dust suddenly swirled at the crest of the hill, and from out the fog of sand rattled a farm wagon drawn by a pair of weary horses whose lagging pace quickened, when they saw, at the foot of the slope the low, white building which marked the end of their journey.

"Whoa thar, Barney. Whoa thar, Jimmy hoss," shouted their driver, though needlessly, for his steeds, without awaiting the word of command, had stopped in front of the village store and were stamping their feet in eager impatience to plunge their noses into the cool depths of the brimming watering trough. Their owner climbed down clumsily from his high perch, and leaving the thirsty animals with their heads submerged in the refreshing draught, ascended the steps which led to the veranda extending across the front of the country emporium. A row of chairs stood against the building, but only one of them was in use, and its occupant, who had tilted his support back on two legs, brought himself down with a sudden jerk when his visitor's loud voice disturbed his reveries.

"Have a cheer," he said indifferently to his caller, who availed himself of the half-hearted invitation, and settling his heavy body with a thump on the proffered seat, adjusted his chair at a comfortable angle and prepared to enjoy a season of gossip.

"How's business, Enoch?" he asked, at length, seeing his host was not inclined to open the conversation.

"Oh, fair to middlin'," was the reply, and then the speaker relapsed once more into his meditative mood.

His guest eyed him with a quizzical look, but soon turned his attention to the deserted, main street of the village.

"Enoch's queer," he ruminated. "Ef he don't want to talk, he shets up like a clam an' thar ain't a might o' use tryin' to git him to speak till he gits good an' ready. Guess he's got sunthin' on his mind," he decided, giving a quick glance toward the little man who sat in deep thought with a shadow of gloom upon his usually cheery countenance.

Enoch Jenkins was a small, wiry man, with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, and fluffy, wite hair that rose above his head like a silvery halo unless reduced to subjection by a copious application of perfumed French oil, which Enoch declared was an extravagance, but which he applied profusely upon all state occasions. He felt guilty about indulging in such a luxury, and made constant excuses during the process of this part of his toilet.

"Holy sailor!" he would exclaim, "a man that's plagued with sech a top-knot as mine, has jest got to ile it 'casionally else he won't have no proper dignity."

Mr. Jenkins combined the duties of storekeeper with those of an undertaker, and in the latter capacity he won his greatest laurels.

"Enoch Jenkins is so all-fired sympathizin'," his customers were prone to remark, "that its sort o' comfortin' to the women folks to have him 'tend to the remains."

The little undertaker's sympathy was by no means a pretense, for his tender heart bled in the presence of grief, and he clothed his work of ministering to the dead with all the poetry of which his simple nature was capable. During the summer, Enoch, in company with the other men of the village, habitually appeared in his shirt sleeves, but when engaged with the solemn duties of his profession, he wore a long, loose, linen duster, and crowned his silvery locks with

an old-fashioned white beaver hat of the style represented as worn by America's Uncle Sam, and as "Uncle Sammy" the famous head covering was known throughout the whole neighborhood. For 40 years, in summer's sun and winter's storm, Uncle Sammy had done duty upon all important occasions, and in spite of his wife's protests, Enoch clung to his ancient beaver with a dogged persistency worthy of a better object. The hat had been purchased as a part of his wedding outfit, and had held its own bravely by the side of his bride's enormous poke bonnet when they first "appeared out" at church after their marriage. The "poke" had long ago been consigned to oblivion, but "Uncle Sammy" still kept its place in the affection of its owner, and it was owing to this bit of personal property that Enoch was in such a state of preoccupation.

"Dunno as I've heerd tell of any funerals lately, Enoch," his visitor observed, suddenly, breaking the silence which was growing oppressive.

"Ain't been none," was the reply, with the added information: "Buryin' is 'bout as onsartain as livin'. Folks'll go right along for a consid'able spell, an' then, all on a sudden, two or three of 'em will bunch up an' want to be buried on the same particklar day. It's terrible perplexin', on sech occasions; terrible perplexin'," complained Enoch.

"Is that what you're studyin' over?" his companion asked, with growing curiosity.

"Dunno as 'tis," was the evasive answer.

"Is Celesty carryin' on 'bout Uncle Sammy?" ventured the inquisitive one, for it was a well-known fact in the community, that the sole bone of contention in the Jenkins household, was the cherished beaver to which its owner clung so tenaciously.

Enoch breathed a long sigh and then said: "The truth is, Celesty 'akes on so 'bout Uncle Sammy I promised I'd git a new hat fer the Fourth o' July exercises. Well, that's tomorrer, an' I ain't done it. Seems as if Uncle Sammy had ought to go to the celebration. He's been long o' me in sorrer and joy, an' all partick'lar times, an' it jest seems as ef I couldn't leave him to home tomorrer," he protested, looking piteously at his listener.

The farmer burst into a loud laugh. "Well, well, that's the beatenest," he shouted, pounding his knees with his hard hands. "You act like that old plug was a livin' critter."

"'Tis to me," was the quiet answer.

"Then I'd wear it in spit o' law an' gospil," his visitor proclaimed, stretching himself with a prodigious yawn, preparatory to taking his departure.

"Good-day, Enoch," he called, after he was seated in his wagon. "I'll see you to-morrer, and don't leave Uncle Sammy to home; it might set him to grievin'. Git up, Barney; git up, Jimmy hoss," and off the team trotted along the dusty road that spread like a broad, white ribbon over the hills and far away.

That evening, the worried man walked home with lagging footsteps, dreading the excuses he must make to his wife for breaking his promise. Celestia met him at the door with a smile on her face, which faded away when she saw that his hands were empty and his head covered with the shabby, old straw hat devoted to everyday wear.

"Maybe he's left the new one to the store," she thought with reviving hope and, regaining her wonted cheerfulness, good-naturedly commanded her husband to "set right up to the table, for tea was ready an' waitin'."

Mrs. Jenkins was a small, plump woman, with snapping, black eyes and dark, soft hair, as yet untouched with a thread of silver. The blush-tinted cheeks of her youth had yielded to a deeper color, but she was a comely, comfortable, little body, with a peculiar habit of speaking through her tightly-clenched teeth, that gave to strangers an impression of sternness and severity. In reality, Celestia Jenkins was as sweet-natured and tender as her mate, and the pair were held in universal affection by the people among whom they lived.

The two dispatched the evening meal in silence, Celestia regarded her husband with frequent inquiring glances, but he avoided meeting her eyes, and devoted his attention to the contents of his plate.

"It's been my experience," thought his wife sagely, "that a man don't want any interferin' when he's eatin'. A man's stomach seems to have a powerful hold 'pon his good-nature, an' there's no roarin' lion equal to a human male critter when he's hungry."

Accordingly she held her tongue until the supper was finished, and Enoch, after pushing back his chair, prepared to flee to the barn as a haven of refuge.

"Enoch!" his wife called sternly, determined to know the truth.

"What is it, Celesty?" he asked mildly.

"Enoch Jenkins, have you got a new hat?"

"Why, Celesty," he quavered, "jest let me tell you——"

"Mr. Jenkins, be you a calculatin' on wearin' Uncle Sammy to the exercises to-morrow?"

"Celesty, I be," was the firm rejoinder, spoken with regained courage.

"Well, I never!" his helpmate gasped, and then facing her recreant husband, opened the floodgates of her wrath.

"Ef you wear Uncle Sammy, I'll not go one step with you. Ketch me bein' made the laughing stock o' them up-country people! It's redickilous, that's what it is, redickilous! You look like United States' Uncle Sam, an' it ain't showin' proper respect for Government."

Celestia always spoke of the government with the deepest reverence, and according to her idea, she had pronounced a serious accusation.

"It's no use to argufy," she declared; "I've had my say an' I'll hold to it."

"No, Celesty, there ain't no use to argufy," the berated man answered sadly; "but I hope you'll change your mind before mornin'. It don't seem right fer you an' me to be havin' words, an' 'bout Uncle Sammy, too. Why, Celesty, that was my weddin' hat! Come, wife, git out your bride bonnet, and we'll wear 'em together jest like when we 'peared out bride an' groom. You looked like a rose that day, Celesty, a rose that never faded or lost its bloom o' sweetness."

The little woman wavered for a moment, and then turned away, repeating: "I've said my say, an' I'll hold to it."

The villagers arose with the dawn on the morning of the nation's holiday, and busied themselves with arrangements for the coming celebration, which was to be held at the Methodist camp-meeting grounds, in a grove near the edge of the town. Long before the appointed hour, the holiday-makers, with heavily freighted baskets, began to stream by the Jenkins' home, where, behind closed blinds, Celestia sat in offended dignity, feeling herself shut off from the world, and by the world forgotten. Enoch tiptoed about the house getting ready for the approaching festivities, and endeavoring in various ways to conciliate the silent figure at the window.

"Hadn't you better change your mind, Celesty?" he asked timidly, after his toilet was completed, save for the clean, starched linen duster, which hung over his arm.

"I've had my say, an' I'll hold to it," his wife replied briefly. "You'll find the lunch basket in the buttery. I guess you kin git along on what's in it."

Enoch turned away with a sigh and put on his long duster, fastening it with one button at his waist. "Uncle Sammy" was firmly adjusted upon his well-oiled head, and with one last appealing look at his unforgiving spouse, he left the house, closing the door softly behind him. At the gate he met the village band, wending its way to the grove, and Enoch fell into line with the troop, tramping along with martial steps to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

Celestia, at her window, watched the procession out of sight, and then, burying her face in her hands, sobbed contritely: "I've bit off my own nose to spite Enoch and Uncle Sammy."

Up in the grove all was joyous confusion. Groups of farmers stood about discussing the season's harvest, while their wives, in all the creaking grandeur of their best, black silk gowns, fanned their heated faces with their handkerchiefs, and exchanged the latest bits of gossip. Their sons and daughters strolled through the shady paths, laughing and chatting, while the omnipresent small boy swarmed everywhere, creating a reign of terror with his spitful, snapping firecrackers. The arrival of the speaker of the day caused a general rush for the benches arranged in front of the gaily decorated platform. Upon the stage had been erected a tier of elevated seats for the school children's chorus and the village musicians. The speaker's stand stood directly in front. Behind on the lower benches, clustered a garden of little girls, clad all in white, with sashes of red and blue. Then came the boys in their Sunday suits, with huge rosettes of the national colors pinned to their coats. The very last row was occupied by the members of the band, who opened the entertainment by playing Yankee Doodle with fourteen variations. The minister followed with a prayer, then read the Declaration of Independence. Next came the school children's turn, and with fluttering hearts, they stood up and sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," while the base drum rolled out a sturdy accompaniment, beaten with patriotic zeal. A long-winded speech was received with polite attention, but after the address was ended, a rustle of pleased expectancy heralded the great event of the program—the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The verses were to be given as a solo by Luetta Spenser, the village child prodigy, and the audience were requested to rise and join in the universal chorus.

Close to the stage, on the row of "mourners' benches," Enoch Jones had listened with absorbed attention, though in his heart was a pang when he thought of his absent Celestia. "Uncle Sammy" was held carefully in his hands, and pressed to his breast when little Luetta's voice piped sweetly, "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—" The chorus began with a crash of trumpets and the roar of the drum, while the voices of the people rose and fell with the measures of the beloved strains, filling the woods with the inspiring music that brought tears to the eyes of the singers.

All went well until the premonitory roll of the drum again preluded the second chorus. Without warning there was a flash and a loud explosion. A firecracker, carelessly thrown in the midst of the filmy gowns, was burning its way to mischief. Little tongues of flame crept along the gay decorations and leaped to the fluffy skirts of the frightened girls. For a second there was an absolute hush, then shrieks and cries arose from the stage. The terror stricken audience surged to and fro, some pushing forward, some pressing backward in a mad panic of fear. Suddenly, a voice cried out, "Set still, you dummies, set still!" It was Enoch Jenkins who commanded from the platform. He seemed to be a dozen men in one, stamping, slapping, beating out the flames with hands, feet, and "Uncle Sammy," the tails of his flattering duster following his wild dash like a gale-blown flag. The other men, at sight of his courage, regained their presence of mind and soon the danger was over, leaving its traces upon a few scorched gowns and the ruined decorations.

Surrounded by the excited crowd, Enoch stood white and trembling, his hands burned and bruised, and "Uncle Sammy" a blackened, hopeless ruin.

As one voice a shout rang out, "Three cheers for Enoch Jenkins. Hip, hip, hurrah! A tiger for Uncle Sammy. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

The band formed into line, two stalwart young farmers seized Enoch and threw him upon their shoulders, and with the crowd trailing behind, the train headed toward the village, stopping to the inspiring notes of "See the conquering hero comes." Enoch, looking bewildered and embarrassed, came as near to swearing as he ever did in his life.

"Holy sailor," he muttered, "this is a'most more than I kin stand."

Celestia heard the music and the voices, and, rushing to the gate, ran down the road to the rescue of the reluctant hero.

"Oh, Enoch," she cried, "be you killed, be you killed?"

"No, Celesty, I'm still a breathin', but I guess Uncle Sammy is done fer," he said, ruefully surveying the battered beaver that was born in triumph on the top of a pole carried in front of the column.

Throwing her arms about the hero of the day, Celestia dragged him down from his lofty throne, and holding his poor, maimed hands in her own, listened to the disjointed explanations of the excited people. Enoch stood with downcast eyes, wincing at the pressure upon his smarting palms, and saying softly, "I'll have to git a new hat, Celesty. Uncle Sammy is done fer. I'll have to git a new hat."

When the babel of voices ceased, the little woman brushed the tears from her cheeks, and forgetting the curious glances of her neighbors, laid her head on her husband's breast and sobbed out a plea for forgiveness.

"There, there," whispered Enoch, awkwardly stroking her shoulder, "I've been as sot as a mule 'bout Uncle Sammy, but he served his country to-day, and, Celesty, between you an' me, the rose o' peace and gladness is once more sweetly bloomin'."

FOR SUMMER LUNCHEONS AND DRINKS

Currant Julep.

To one pint mashed ripe currants add one pint of water and strain through cheese-cloth. Into tall, thin glasses put some crushed ice, two or three cubes of sugar (according to the size of the glass) and line each glass with tender mint-stalks, allowing the leaves to come just to the top of the glass. On the sugar, drop a few red raspberries slightly crushed and fill the glass with the currant water. Serve with straws. If the currant juice is prepared as given in The Blade last week, it will make a much richer julep, but not more satisfying in a hot day.

When cherries are ripe many delicious dishes may be prepared from them. For serving with lamb cutlets there is nothing nicer than

Cherry Sauce.

Stone and mash in an earthen saucepan one pint of ripe cherries, add one-quarter teaspoonful of ground cloves, cover with one pint of water and let stand for one-half hour on the back of the range. Rub through a sieve, return to the fire and stir into it one tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and cook for ten minutes. To this add the juice of one lemon and serve very hot.

Cherry Salad.

From one pint of ripe cherries remove the pits, replacing them with the kernel of a hazel-nut, or the chopped meat of any preferred nut. Arrange on individual dishes the inside leaves of lettuce, place in these the stuffed cherries and serve with a cream mayonnaise.

A new sandwich for picnics is presented this season and is called "The Mosaic." It is made from white, brown and graham bread cut in the thinnest possible slices, simply spread with butter, and arranged alternately.

FISH AND FAIRIES

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

Little Nan Wilson sat dejectedly by the brook, in a glory of June sunshine, and philosophized about the ways of fish and fairies. Here is how it came about.

Nan was almost eleven. She would have a birthday the very next week, and she had set her little heart upon a birthday party such as she had just been reading about. It would be such fun to have all the little people from the scattered farms about to play games all the long summer afternoon! And then, and then—if she only could have refreshments! There was all the trouble.

Nan's father was what the neighbors called near, as is too often the case with farmers who wrest their living somewhat hardly from New England soil. He had recently paid out a large sum of money, the remembrance of which still troubled him. So when Nan approached him timidly and asked if she might have her little friends for a birthday party, he said, "Yes, child, certainly."

But when she asked, still more timidly if they might have cakes and ice cream, he answered: "No, child, I haven't any money to spend for such stuff," and turned brusquely to his work. He didn't notice the tears that gathered silently in the child's eyes as she turned away disappointed.

Quiet, patient Mrs. Wilson noticed, and was troubled in spirit. But she waited, as she was accustomed to do.

"If only Chub were well," thought Nan, as she sought her own little corner in the big barn, where she kept her old doll and her one story book—a marvelous book of fairy tales, which she knew by heart, and believed, perhaps, in the same way.

Chub was Nan's brother, a year or two older than she. His name was Christopher; but that was too long, and by some unexpected boyish contraction had been reduced to Chub. Perhaps a certain suggestion of a round, rosy-cheeked apple in his bright boy's face had suggested it.

He had a faculty for earning stray bits of money which seemed marvelous to little Nan, who somehow could not quite find out how to transform her harder efforts into the copper coins that jingled so frequently in her brother's pocket. The first cowslip that showed its shiny green leaf down in the swamp was sure to find a resting place in Chub's basket. The first blueberries that turned purple under the July sun drummed a tattoo on the bottom of Chub's tin pail. And the first covey of partridges that grew big enough to be called broilers by Squire Marston (who liked broilers) never knew any better than to run half their silly heads into Chub's snares, to be promptly jerked up into the air, and presented at the Squire's door next morning.

Chub was generous, too, and sold Nan's berries, and often shared with her the proceeds of his own lucky finds. But both had expensive tastes—so said Mr. Wilson. Chub never hesitated a moment to spend ten cents on a fish-line, and Nan had once squandered a quarter on a box of chocolate creams for old Mother Lewis, who was ill with rheumatism. Mother Lewis loved sweets, but was always too poor to buy any. So they never kept any money, but enjoyed to the full the rare pleasure of spending it.

Poor Chub had just sprained his ankle while trying to walk a sheep-fence. He had been lying on the sofa three days already, and must lie there at least a week longer. Nan could no longer depend on his fertile brain and active legs for financial support.

The day before, Nan had been overjoyed at the prospect of earning enough for her beloved party. Squire Marston was to give a great dinner at a family reunion in his large house. With one of the whims for which he was noted, he had resolved to serve nothing on his table that was not the product of his own farm. Nan had heard him asking Ben Norton, the old fox-hunter and fisherman of the region, if he could not furnish a few pounds of trout from the stream that flowed through the Squire's land. He would pay a dollar a pound for all the fisherman might catch. But Ben had shaken his head slowly.

"Ther' ain't two pounds o' trout left in th' hull brook," he said. "First place, it's been feeshed to death; 2nd place, th' water's too warm; 3rd place, ther' hain't been nothin' but minnows in that 'ere brook fur ten years."

Nan was out before daylight next morning. Chub had told her of some good places where she might still find trout; and she tried faithfully with worms and crickets and grasshoppers for bait. But her success gave small promise of ice cream; and the morning was almost gone.

At five o'clock old Ben had appeared at a deep hole under some willows that had been, no doubt, a favorite fishing ground years before. He seemed taken all aback at finding a bright-faced little girl shaking a grasshopper diligently over its placid surface.

"Sho!" he said. "What yer fishin' for?" and rather shamefacedly he made his way up stream, scarcely waiting for the child's answer. No fisherman likes to be surprised at a pool which he thinks he knows exclusively; and to find a favorite spot pre-empted fills one with a sense of utter failure.

By eight o'clock Nan was quite discouraged, and sat down under a great cedar by the wood's edge, after trying vainly for a fish in the last place Chub had told her about. There were two big trout swimming in the big pail she had brought to keep her fish fresh; and the two might perhaps weigh six pounds. That could scarcely be thirty cents, Nan calculated, allowing for heads and tails. "Dear me!" she thought, "they're almost all heads and tails. And, anyway, it wouldn't buy just two little ones."

"I wonder if there truly are any fairies here," she mused, "and how I could make them understand." This second problem committed her to a belief in the affirmative answer to the first, spite of Chub's stout denial. The two made her sleepy; or perhaps it was getting up so early; or it might be the sunshine and the bird songs. Anyway, her thoughts grew more and more hazy, sitting there under the big cedar.

In front of her was a narrow meadow, with woods beyond, where the stream wound slowly about, and lost and found itself again among the bogs. There were springs here, Chub told her, and he had once seen a big trout "scoot" under the bank.

Just below her began the broad meadow of Squire Marston, yellow-sprinkled with buttercups, over which the breezes ran and set them glinting like a summer sea. A meadow-lark called wild and sweet from the sheep-fence. Out of the grass a bobolink burst anon, and poured his rollicking soul out as if he would drown the brook's song in a flood of tinkling melody. The soft air, fragrant with wild flowers and drowsy with the hum of insects, touched Nan's cheek and caressed it. The warm June sunshine flooded her about; and every bright beam was shimmering with a host of dancing fairies. For Nan was asleep, with her little tired feet overhanging the brook, and her head on a gnarled root of the tough old cedar.

Slowly her eyes opened when a woodpecker drummed his tattoo on the dry branch above her head. A curious sound was in her ears as she awoke—a muffled, rippling, shirring sound, as if a giant oar were purring near and never stopping to take breath.

To be Continued.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

ILLI NOIS.
For June.

Fourth of July Puzzles by Pat Riotic.

1.—JUST NAME ME.

I first started out in life as an old-fashioned tavern, but shortly after beginning my career, I added a river in Scotland to my title; I then assumed the badge of the "blue stockings," and quickly followed up this mistake by lapsing into a state (common to many among the fraternity) of profound darkness not easily penetrated (phonetic). Pulling myself together again, I set forth as a division of time, and, while I lay claim to completeness in each and every one of my parts, it is as a whole that I attract the most attention.

2.—BANNER PUZZLE.

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1—Bright, lively.
2—The opinion that "whatever is, is best."
3—Indicating dignity.
4—Intelligent.
5—Instructors.
6—Idleness.
7—A beverage.
8—A female sheep.
9—A term used in golf.
10—Part of the face.
11—To be indebted to.
12—Cockney pronunciation of the name of a domestic fowl.

While there are no stars in this flag, the principles represented upon its surface, are well worthy a place upon its staff, and together they produce a banner that should command world-wide respect.

3—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters. My 4-3-6-4 is a noisy demonstration; my 1-5-7 is a deep hole; my 9-2-10 is the familiar appellation given to a favorite uncle of all good American college boys, who is imbued with the spirit of my whole at least once a year.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I am made up of alternate words of three and four letters; my first is the noise made by a barking cur; my second signifies single; my third consists of the initials of a man who has won many laurels for themselves during the war in Cuba; my fourth was a Roman tyrant; my fifth signifies to obtain; my sixth is a division of ground measurement; my seventh is a name of one of our Chief Executive; my eighth denotes one of several individuals considered apart from the rest; my ninth is to travel rapidly; my tenth is four-fifths of one of Queen Victoria's empires; my eleventh is the abbreviation of the name of a great orator of ancient times; my twelfth is the name of the fifth book in the New Testament.

My primals and finals indicate two quantities much in evidence on the glorious Fourth.

ILLI NOIS.

5.—QUERY.

Who were the oldest and youngest signers of the Declaration of Independence?

ILLI NOIS.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"O, make thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong

THE EMPEROR FOR VENGEANCE

LONDON, July 3.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says Chinese reports are current that two other foreign ministers were murdered the same day as Baron Von Ketteler.

From the same sources it is learned that the mission hospital at Moukden has been destroyed and that the native Christians have been massacred. It is further asserted that the foreigners fled to New Chwang.

Washington, July 2.—The navy department has received the following cablegram from Admiral Kempff, without date:

"Che Foo.—Secretary of Navy, Washington: A runner from Pekin reports legations are besieged: provisions nearly exhausted; situation desperate. German minister going to Tsung Li Yamen murdered by Chinese soldiers. American, Italian, Duty (?) legations burned. Twenty thousand soldiers inside; 30,000 outside Pekin; 3,000 reported bound Tien Tsin; still fighting at Tien Tsin. Communication Tien Tsin by rail and river insecure. KEMPFF."

Cable advices from Admiral Kempff this morning fully confirm previous reports of the murder of Von Ketteler, the German minister at Pekin. The admiral also represents the situation of the ministers as most desperate. The shortage of their food supplies reported by Admiral Kempff gives rise to the gravest apprehension. Having been brought to Taku by runner, this dispatch represented the ministers' condition at least five days ago, and there is reason to fear that the worst has happened in the interim.

Admiral Kempff's favorable report of the condition of the Oregon is believed by Secretary Long to be based upon the report of the commander of the Japanese vessel which generously offered assistance.

No further reinforcements have been ordered to China, military or naval.

Berlin, July 3.—Addressing the detachment of German marines which sailed from Wilhelmshaven for China yesterday, the emperor made a remarkable speech, during which he notified the world of Germany's intention to avenge the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, the late minister of Germany at Pekin, and the missionaries, and to dictate terms to the Chinese from the palace at Pekin.

"The firebrand of war has been hurled in the midst of the most profound peace.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.
Germany's Ruler, Whose Speech To-Day May Mean a Bloody War.

Unhappily this was to me not unexpected. A crime of unspeakable insolence, horrifying in its barbarity, has been committed against the person of my trusty representative and has taken him from us. The ministers of the other powers hover between life and death, and with them comrades sent for their protection. It may be that while I speak they have already fought their last fight.

"The German flag has been insulted and the German empire treated with contempt. This demands exemplary punishment and vengeance. Events have moved with frightful rapidity and have become profoundly grave and still graver. Since I called you to arms what I hoped to effect with the help of the marine infantry has now become a difficult task which can only be fulfilled with the help of the serried ranks of all civilized states.

"I will not rest until the German flag, joined to those of the other powers, floats triumphantly over China's flag, and until it has been planted on the walls of Pekin to dictate peace to the Chinese. You will have to maintain good comradeship with all the other troops whom you will come in contact with over yonder. Russians, British and French, all alike, are fighting for one common cause—for civilization. We must bear in mind, too, something higher—namely, our religion and the defense and protection of our brothers out there, some of whom stake their lives for the Savior. The flags which here float above you go under fire for the first time. See that you bring them back to me clean and stainless and without a spot. My thanks, my prayers and my solicitude go with you.

"This very day the commander of the cruiser Squadron has asked me to consider the dispatch of a division. You will have to face an enemy who are no less courageous than yourselves and trained by European officers. The Chinese have learned the use of European weapons.

"Think also of the honor of our arms. Think of those who have fought before you go forth with the old Brendenburg motto:

"'Vertrau auf Gott, dich tapfer wehr,
" 'Darin besteht dein ganze ehr.
" 'Denn wer auf Got herzhaftig wagt,
" 'Wird nimmer aus der welt gajagt.'"

The following is a free adaptation of the old German sayings repeated by Emperor William:

"Trust in God, stand bravely,
"This is the whole of thy honorable duty,
"For who, helped by God, dares battle heartily
"Is never driven from the world."

Suspense Is Growing Acute.

London, July 3.—2:40 p. m.—The fact that a relief column has been unable to leave Tien-Tsin in response to the pathetic prayer of beleaguered legations at Pekin is generally regarded in London as destroying almost the last vestige of hope for the unfortunate foreigners pent up in the Chinese capital. The worst is feared and the massacre of Cawnpore is in every man's mind. It is beginning to be felt here that the plausible fiction that no state of war exists is no longer tenable, and a fully equipped, modern army, belonging to a single nation is necessary to deal with the situation instead of the assorted exedition of a half dozen nationalities. Hence arises the demand that Japan shall be given a mandate to complete the work left undone in 1894, with proper security that she shall not be again squeezed out when the costly task is over.

While the general British comment severely criticises America's non-participation in the bombardment of the Taku forts several of the London papers are beginning to find out that Rear Admiral Kempff had better foresight than was possessed by the allied chancelleries of Europe when he protested against an attack on the Taku forts on the ground that it would throw the Chinese government into the arms of the Boxers and make all the other nations technically at war with China. And the inadvisability of attacking Taku when the international forces were manifestly insufficient even to guard the legations and the Europeans in the interior from retaliation is now generally acknowledged.

From the far east there is practically no additional news. Rumors are current in Paris that the British embassy has received notification of the massacre of the French and British ministers at Pekin, but there is no verification of the report.

Shanghai reports that the international forces at Tien Tsin are suffering from lack of good drinking water, the Pei Ho river being choked with the corpses of Chinese and other victims of the bombardment.

According to the same despatch the international troops so far from being strong enough to advance towards Pekin are not sufficiently numerous to attack

Head of the Anti-Foreign Troops in China.

the Chinese surrounding Tien Tsin and keeping up a desultory fire on the place. Thousands of Chinese are said to be arriving from Latui, and to be desperately attempting to re-occupy the bridge leading to Taku.

Worst Is Feared.

Washington, July 3.—Up to noon there had been no change here regarding the Chinese situation. No orders had gone out looking to the dispatch of increased forces, and beyond a cablegram from Consul General Goodnow at Shanghai, reciting in brief the points of the news brought to Shanghai by the messenger from Sir Robert Hart, and conveyed at greater length in the press dispatches, nothing had been added to the information already possessed by the government, respecting the situation at Pekin. There was a disposition to take some comfort out of the statement that cannon are not being used against the legations. This was regarded as indicating that the first wild burst of fanatical rage had spent itself, and that the Boxers were now acting in a more reasonable manner. The date of the Pekin dispatch, however, June 25, eight days

GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.
"Hero of El Caney," Assigned by the President to Command American Troops in China.

Tsin where Mr. Browne expects to go himself in a few days."

Dr. Leonard thinks none of the Methodist missionaries were among the killed or Dr Browne would have mentioned the fact.

Troops Leave Manila.

Washington, June 28.—The war department received the following cablegram this morning:

"Adjutant General, Washington:—A transport left Manila at 8:30 on the morning of June 27, with Col. Liscum in command, 39 officers and 1,271 men."
"MACARTHUR."

Mission Was Burned.

London, June 27.—A dispatch from Tien Tan, dated yesterday, says that the Protestant mission at Weihsein was burned down by rebels Monday night last.

Sample Boxer Murder.

Victoria, B.C., June 27.—The Shanghai Mercury says that a member of the Boxers' society, who saw the murder of Rev. Mr. Ellis ,of the London mission, and of a Chinese missionary at Kung Tsun, gave the following account of the tragedy:

"On the 12th day of the fourth moon, the Boxers, numbering 57, crossed the river Tsz-Tsun and met the two missionaries in a boat. They knew the Chinese was a Christian, and at once attacked him, wounding him with their swords. Then they dragged him from the boat and tied him to a tree at the riverside. Then Mr. Ellis was tied with him, and Mr. Chao, another Chinese missionary was found. His toes and thumbs were bound together, and he was carried to a tree near where the others were hung up. The arms of the missionaries were cut off, their heads hewn off, and, after the bodies had been disembowelled, they were cast into the river. The chapel of the mission was demolished, and the crowd went on their way."

This was but one of many such outrages.

12,000 Troops Ashore.

Washington, June 28.—The following cablegram was received this morning by the navy department from Admiral Kempff:

"Che Foo, June 28.—Secretary of the Navy, Washington:—About 12,000 foreign troops are now ashore. The soldiers ordered should report at Taku, instead of Che Foo. I have substituted the Nashville for the Yorktown at Che Foo. The Yorktown will be used as a dispatch boat, being suitable. KEMPFF."

Mobilize Everything.

Berlin, June 28.—The Vorwaerts says: "From an absolutely reliable source we hear that the Russian war ministry has sent to all the military and civil authorities in Russia telegraphic secret orders to prepare everything for mobilization. The orders bear the date of June 18 and 19."

Wei Hen Destroyed.

New York, June 28.—Two cablegrams were received by the Presbyterian board of foreign missions this morning. The first, from Shanghai, read:

"Wei Hen has been destroyed. The foreigners escaped."

The Presbyterian board had $40,000 worth of property in Wei Hen, and this is now all gone. Dr. Fairries was one of the missionaries there, and he escaped with the others. The other cablegram came from Che Foo, and stated:

"Lobenstein is at Shanghai; Fenns, at Pekin."

Rev. E. C. Lobenstein was stationed at Nanking, and it would appear as if he had to make his escape to Shanghai. The cablegram also stated:

"No word has been received from Pekin or Pao Tiu Fu. The Wei Hen mission was burned, but the missionaries are safe."

AMERICAN MOTHERS.

Chicago, July 2.—The League of American Mothers has sent out a call for a national conference to be held in Chicago, August 1, 2, 3 and 4. The four days will be given to the study and discussion of child-training and how to create right neighborhood conditions for the uplift ment of the young.

HAVANA'S NEW MAYOR.

Havana, July 2.—At no time since the American occupation of Cuba has Havana shown such scenes of enthusiasm and excitement as were witnessed yesterday upon the occasion of the inauguration of General Alejandro Rodriguez, the first Cuban elected mayor. Early in the morning every house on the principal streets was decorated, even the palace being gaily trimmed with both American and Cuban flags. Firecrackers and rockets were going off all day, while the hymn of "Bayamo" seemed to be on the lips of everybody, from children to greybeards. The inauguration ceremonies took place at noon in the council chamber.

THANK OFFERING FUND.

New York, July 3.—One-third of the $20,000,000 called for by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church as a Twentieth century thank offering has been collected. Rev. Dr. Edmund M. Mills, secretary of the commission appointed by the general conference to take charge of the collection, announced to-day that only two-thirds of the total amount has yet to be subscribed.

The fund will be devoted to three objects. Ten million dollars will be spent on education in this country and in foreign lands. The remaining $10,000,000 will be used for the carrying on of charitable and philanthropic work, for city evangelization, for invested funds, for ference claimants, and for the payment of church property debts. The Ohio Wesleyan university subscribed $500,000, and Syracuse university $250,000. Other colleges and seminaries have subscribed generously.

Fire at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, July 2.—Fire early this morning almost totally destroyed the large soap and fertilizing plant of the Walker-Stratman Company. Loss $75,000.

GOV. THOMAS FOR CHAIRMAN

Kansas City, July 3.—The national committee to-day disposed of the business before it with alacrity. The contests were first decided. Of these the Montana case was the first to be taken up. The report of the sub-committee was favorable to Clark and this report was adopted without delay. The temporary chairmanship was decided in favor of Governor Thomas, of Colorado.

The report of the sub-committee in the Montana case was unanimously in Clarks favor, although it is known that in the sub-committee's proceedings that organization was not entirely harmonious, one of its members standing out against Clark. This position was occupied by Mr. Williams, chairman of the sub-committee. He yielded gracefully, however, and to-day joined his colleagues in recommending that the names of the Clark men be placed upon the temporary roll.

This decision was based upon the belief on the part of the members that the state convention which selected the Clark delegates contained a majority of the uncontested delegates. The Daly men announce their determination to make a vigorous fight before the committee on credentials.

The Oklahoma controversy was settled in favor of the Jacobs faction in opposition to the Sims faction. The Jacobs people were considered by the committee to have been most regular in their proceedings.

In the case of the Indian Territory, the decision was favorable to the Marcum faction also on the ground of regularity.

Mr. Marcum is the present member of the national committee and the fight was practically upon men. The disposition of the contest from the District of Columbia was postponed until afternoon.

The battle over the temporary chairmanship was short but sharp. The only two candidates for the office were Gov. C. S. Thomas, of Colorado, and Mayor D. S. Rose, of Milwaukee. Both were placed in nomination with eulogistic speeches. Senator Kenny, of Delaware, and Committeeman Clancy, of Wisconsin, spoke for Mr. Rose, and Committeeman Wilson of Colorado, and Clayton of Alabama, for Mr. Thomas. The vote proceeded very evenly until towards the close when Mr. Thomas made a slight gain which he held to the end, coming out with a majority of two. The total vote was 46, of which Thomas received 24 and Rose 22. At 11:30 the committee recessed until 4 p. m. The selection of Thomas will round Colorado's record in the line of supplying chairmen.

Mr. Patrison was permanent chairman of the populist convention and Senator Wolcott temporary chairman of the Republican convention. It was decided last night that Senator Teller should be permanent chairman of the Colorado committee.

GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS.
Leader of the Democracy of New England.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Vermont Republicans.

Montpelier, Vt., June 28.—The Republican state convention held here yesterday nominated the following ticket:

For governor, W. W. Stickney, Ludlow; lieutenant governor, M. F. Allen, Ferrisburg; treasurer, J. T. Bacon, White River Junction; auditor, O. M. Barber, Bennington; secretary of state, F. A. Howland, Montpelier.

FOR MICHIGAN'S GOVERNOR.

Colonel Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw, nominated for governor yesterday by the Republicans of Michigan, is a strong man to head the state ticket. He is a well known and public spirited citizen, of fine personal character and mature judgment. His nomination is confidently expected to unite all sections of his state for his support, and his nomination is looked upon as equivalent to election. Especial gratification has been given Grand Army men, who feel that the honor done Colonel Bliss is a recognition of their claims on the country, and they will accept it as such.

Colonel Bliss was a member of the Tenth New York cavalry during the civil war and won his way from private to colonel. He came to Michigan in 1865 and has amassed a comfortable fortune in the lumber business at Saginaw. He has served as congressman from the Eighth Michigan district in the national house of representatives.

His Tenth Term.

Waterloo, Ia., June 29.—Speaker Henderson was renominated by acclamation yesterday by the Third district Republican convention for his tenth term. He made a short speech of acceptance.

ADMIRAL PHILIP DEAD.

New York, June 30.—Rear Admiral John W. Philip, commander of the Brooklyn navy yard, died at 3:15 this afternoon of heart disease.

THE KHEDIVE IN ENGLAND.

London, June 27.—The Khedive of Egypt arrived in London at noon, from Port Victoria, where he had been since he reached England. He showed few signs of his recent illness. The travel was received on the platform of the Charing Cross railroad station by the Duke of York, the Turkish ambassador, Anthopulo Pasha, and suite, a guard of honor from the Coldstream Guards, and a band, which played the Khedival hyma. The Duke of York embraced his highness. After inspecting the guard of honor the khedive entered a royal carriage, accompanied by the Duke of York, and was driven to Buckingham Palace, escorted by a troop of the Horse Guards and cheered by the spectators.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

TOOK THE OATH.

Manila, June 28.—Nine of the insurgent leaders, including Generals Pio Del Pilar, Concepcion, Garcia and Alvarez, were released here to-day upon taking the oath of allegiance to the government and renouncing all forms of revolution in the Philippines, together with making formal acknowledgment of American sovereignty. This oath is much stronger and more binding than the oath which General Otis administered and was consequently distasteful to the Filipinos, who accepted it with bad grace, fully realizing the results of any violation.

Senor Buencamino took the oath Monday. It is hoped that the sparing of the line leaders will influence their men to take advantage of the amnesty which has thus far been without results other than those of to-day.

Manila, June 30.—The non-sectarian college of primary and secondary education was opened in Manila yesterday in the presence of Judge Taft, president of the civil commission, and of his colleagues.

Judge Taft spoke in fitting terms of the significance of the event. The institution is the first educational enterprise in the Philippines that is not under the control of the priests and that looks for support to the voluntary contributions of the people. Five hundred pupils have already been enrolled and many children are leaving the schools of the priests to enter the college. The American educational department supplies text books on the easiest possible conditions.

FROM MACARTHUR.

Washington, July 2.—Three cable messages were received by the adjutant general from General MacArthur at Manila to-day.

The first and most important was as follows:

"General Aquino, prominent leader of insurgent forces, surrendered unconditionally to First Lieutenant John J. O'Connell, with Macabele scouts, on June 29, with 64 rifles and ammunition.
(Signed) "M'ARTHUR."

General MacArthur also cables the following:

"Adjutant General Washington:

"General Ricarte, leader of the threatened uprising in Manila during this year, recently very active, captured July 1 by native police between Paco and Stamford. Event important in relation to conditions in Manila. M'ARTHUR."

In another message General MacArthur said that the remains of Lieutenant Paul Draper, Twenty-second Infantry, were recovered June 30, and were buried at San Isidro, Luzon. Lieutenant Draper was killed several days ago during an engagement at a point on the Nagapan river, in Northern Luzon, when he and his men were ambushed by the insurgents.

TWELVE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH

Hoboken the Scene of Another Ghastly Fire Horror.

New York, July 3.—Fire in the crowded tenements, Nos. 127 to 131 Adams street, Hoboken, early this morning, caused a loss of twelve lives. Up to noon four of the bodies had not been identified. Three were bodies of men and one was that of a girl about 16 years old. The names of the identified dead follow:

Jos. Nicolaus, aged 28, musician.
August Bachman, aged 24, musician.
August Bendel, aged 25, musician.
Etta Winkler, 1½ years old.
Edith Winkler, 5 years old.
Charles Winkler, 11 years old.
Frederick Winkler, 9 years old.
William Winkler, 5 years old.

Out of nine members of the Winkler family but four were saved, Mr and Mrs. Winkler and their two children, John, aged 12 years, and Martha, 14 months.

Mrs. Winkler was badly burned while clinging to her infant. Her husband had to drag her and the infant through a window to save their lives. The building was a frame structure, three stories high and several families lived on each floor. When the flames started they burned rapidly, and the firemen could do little either to extinguish the fire or to save human life.

FROM LORD ROBERTS.

London, July 3.—The following dispatch has been received at the war office from Lord Roberts:

"Pretoria, July 2.—General Hunter's division has crossed the Vaal, and should be at Frankfort to-day, where he will be joined by Colonel MacDonald's brigade from Heilbron.

"General Buller's leading brigade has left Standerton for Grayiingstar.

"Both here and at Johannesburg several families of the men who have been fighting against us are being fed. Some are in a state of destitution. At Heilbron, where the food supplies ran out, groceries, meat and other supplies of food are being distributed among the inhabitants under the supervision of the relief committee. Arrangements are being made for the distribution of oats for seed purposes to farmers actually in need of it, those who are unable to procure seed oats in any other manner."

TWO KILLED; 33 INJURED

Butte, Mont., July 3.—A very disastrous wreck occurred late last night on the Montana Central railroad, a branch of the Great Northern at Trask Siding, twelve miles from Butte, by which two persons were killed and thirty-three injured.

The train left Butte at 8:50 last night, and was on its way to Helena. It had made the climb up the continental divide in safety, and was rushing along at top speed on comparatively level ground when the rails spread, ditching the baggage car, smoker, coach and sleeper.

The engine and one baggage car remained on the track. The cars were thrown over on their sides, and the passengers who were not injured, or slightly so climbed out through the windows. All the lights were extinguished and from different parts of the wreck came calls for help and groans and cries of the injured. Conductor Zick, who was injured, made his way back to Woodville, five miles, and telegraphed to Butte for help. A special train with doctors and nurses was despatched from this city and brought in the injured, who were taken to the different hospitals.

ROOSEVELT IN KANSAS.

Topeka, Kan., July 3.—This, the capital city of Kansas, turned out en masse yesterday to greet Governor Roosevelt. He was cheered enthusiastically as he stepped on the rear platform. He was introduced as "the candidate for Vice President, but a candidate for something else further along."

The governor said in part:

"I have been to-day looking at your wonderful crops of corn and wheat. Who made these great crops? You did, not laws; you could stop your prosperity easy enough by legislation. If the people of this country chose to make jacks of themselves, they can stop their prosperity very quickly. You cannot do by law any more than give every American a chance to show his own thrift and business skill. You have all had that chance during the last four years, and Kansas knows where she stands now. Here we are in the center of the continent, but when we speak of the Philippines do you think we speak only of the coast? Why, Kansas has written its name in letters of gold across the map of the Philippines. Funston and Metcalf and the Twentieth Kansas. From the lakes to the gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the American people rise and fall together, and if one body prospers the rest prosper; if one falls the rest fail, and no deed of honor or renown can be done by any American that it does not reflect credit upon all America. No deed that makes us hang our heads for the country can be done anywhere that whole country does not feel the shame. I am speaking to a number of men from the shops, railroad men, and now I am not making political speeches excepting that I can't help speaking for certain things that I believe. There were no men in my regiment any better than the railroad men because they had led lives that taught them to obey orders. There are three things necessary for success in private and public life, honesty, courage and common sense and man must be always ready to obey orders."

Governor Roosevelt's speech in Emporia was the longest he delivered on the trip to Oklahoma. The governor launched almost immediately into the subject of politics, and this appeared to please his auditors. At one time when he spoke of 16 to 1 a woman in the crowd became excited, threw her arms wildly in the air and shouted: "Thank God, we don't want 16 to 1 any more, and we won't have it."

REVOLUTION HAS BEEN CRUSHED

Washington, July 3.—Mr. Espinoza, consul general of Colombia at New York, called at the state department to-day and had a conference with Secreary Hay. The consul general emphatically denies the accuracy of the stories which reach the American press to the effect that the insurrectionists are making great headway in Colombia. He says that he has dispatches of Saturday's date declaring that Cartegena and Baranquilla are in possession of the government forces, and have been all along. Mr. Espinoza says that as the rebels have been completely crushed in Santander, losing many thousands in killed and wounded, the Colombian government will be able to divert immediately to the Isthmus of Panama, at least 10,000 of the soldiers of the army of 18,000 now in Eastern Colombia.

KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE SAILS

New York, July 3.—The blue and white house-flag on the North German Lloyd line was flying over the Cunard pier to-day when the big Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, the only vessel of the lot in port to escape the flames of Saturday last, sailed for Bremen. On the vessel and on all the piers and shipping along the river the flags were flying at half-mast. The pier was crowded with people who came to see the ship depart.

The steamship sailed at 10 a. m. with a cabin and steerage full. In the first cabin there were 429, in the second 320, and in the steerage 280. About 340 survivors of the fire sailed on the Kaiser. The officers of the wrecked vessels were accommodated in the cabin and the members of the crew sailed in the steerage. On the pier near the entrance were 274 steerage passengers who were left behind. They could not sail as the steerage was full. They will be taken care of by the line, and will sail on other ships as soon as possible. The Hon. Levi P. Morton was a passenger on the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse which sailed to-day; with him sailed Mrs. Morton and the Misses Morton.

QUIET DAY IN CANTON.

Canton, O., July 3.—In honor of the nation's birthday, a liberal display of bunting and flags will be made at the private home of the chief executive of the nation. President McKinley spent the morning quietly, receiving many visitors, among them L. J. B. Hall, a leading agriculturist of Perth, West Australia. The President and Mr. Wall had a brief talk on the industrial development in the two countries.

MARINES ENLISTING.

Chicago, June 27.—Chicago men are enlisting in the service of the government to fight against the Chinese. The Marine office is accepting on an average of 70 men a week, the majority of whom, according to Sergeant John E. Allen, will see service in the Orient.

The two local army recruiting offices are more than busy. Captain R. P. P. Wainwright having enlisted the second largest number for any national recruiting station.

To Repeal Goebel Law.

Lexington, Ky., June 27.—As a result of a conference of political leaders here last night it is authoritatively stated that Governor Beckham will call an extra session of the legislature to repeal the Goebel election law.

FREE
KIDNEY AND BLADDER ..CURE..

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the back, Bladder Disorders, diffient or too frequent passing of water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists the PIPER METHYSTICUM, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,300 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Ptaine, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Hon. R. C. Wood, a leading attorney of Lowell, Ind., cured of Kidney and Bladder disease, writes: I am now 55 years old, and have used various kinds of medicines. For the past ten years I have suffered from rheumatism and liver trouble, and have also suffered from kidney and bladder trouble for the past five years. I have been treated by all our home physicians and by three different specialists, besides having used various so-called specifics without receiving the least benefit. My bladder trouble became so troublesome that I had to get up from five to twelve times during the night to urinate, in fact, I was in misery the whole time, and was becoming very despondent. I have now used Alkavis and am better than I have been for the past five years. I know Alkavis will cure bladder and kidney trouble, and I most heartily recommend it to all sufferers. I feel so grateful to you that I feel I owe it to you to write you this. Wishing you the success you deserve, I am, Respectfully yours,
R. C. WOOD.

Rev. W. H. Moore, D. D. of Washington, D. C., testifies in the Christian Advocate that Alkavis completely cured him of Kidney and Bladder Disease after many years suffering. Many ladies, including Mrs. C. C. Fowler, of Locktown, N. J., and Mrs. James Young, of Kent, O., also testify to its wonderful curative powers in Kidney and other disorders peculiar to women. That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a sure specific Cure and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 429 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

WASHINGTON.

GOVERNMENT STATEMENT.

Washington, July 3.—The monthly comparative statement of the government receipts and expenditures shows that total receipts for the month of June were $51,435,832, and the expenditures, $33,340,673 leaving a surplus for the month of $17,895,159. The receipts for the twelve months of the last fiscal year amount to $568,988,948, and the expenditures, $487,759,171, making a surplus for the year of $81,229,777.

The receipts from the several sources of revenue for the month of June are given as follows: Customs, $19,369,149; increase as compared with June, 1899, nearly $1,600,000; internal revenue, $28,744,737; increase as compared with the same month last year, $3,000,000; miscellaneous, $3,321,934, increase, $250,000. The receipts for the full fiscal year have been derived from the following sources: Customs, $223,857,953, an increase over the fiscal year 1899, of $20,729,577; internal revenue, $298,290,388; an increase as compared with the former fiscal year of $22,362,227; miscellaneous, $38,831,601, an increase over the year ended June 30, 1899, of $2,400,000. The expenditures for the last fiscal year were $117,313,780 less for than the fiscal year 1899. During the month of June the expenditures on account of the war department, were $8,230,817, an increase of about $215,000 over the corresponding month of the former fiscal year. On account of the navy department, there was an expenditure of $3,049,832, an increase over June, 1899, of $627,513; civil and miscellaneous expenditures, $8,814,752, increase over the same period of 1899 of $1,750,000.

The expenditures of the year by items are given as follows: Civil and miscellaneous, $105,786,753, as against $119,191,255 for 1899; war, $134,263,998 as against $229,841,254; navy, $50,089,982, as against $63,942,104; Indians, $10,106,132, as against $12,805,711; pensions, $140,875,992, as against $139,394,929; interest, $40,176,313, as against $39,896,925.

COINAGE STATEMENT.

Washington, July 3.—The annual statement of the coinage executed at the mints of the United States, issued by the director of the mint, shows the total coinage to have been 187,323,793 pieces, representing a value of $141,301,950, as follows: Gold, $107,987,100; silver, $31,121,883; minor coins, $2,243,017. This is an increase as compared with the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, of 62,052,818 pieces, and $4,144,283 in value The coinage during June amounted to $6,026,202, as follows: Gold, $3,820,770; silver, $2,094,217; minor coins, $111,214.

The monthly statement of the comptroller of the currency shows that the total circulation of national bank notes at the close of business June 30, 1900, was $300,559,710, an increase for the year of $8,291,023, and an increase for the month of $3,070,830.

The circulation issued on United States bonds was $274,115,502, an increase for the year of $8,854,478, and an increase for the month of $11,026,435.

The circulation secured by law was $26,444,167, a decrease for the year of $563,455, and a decrease for the month of $1,955,005. The amount of United States registered bonds on deposit to secure circulating notes was $284,387,540, and to secure public deposits, $95,158,480.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Washington, July 3.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business June 30, 1900, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to $1,107,711,258, a decrease for the month of $14,897,553. This decrease is accounted for by an increase in the cash on hand, and by redemption of two per cent bonds. The debt is recapitulated as follows:

Interest bearing debt, $1,023,478,860; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,176,320; debt bearing no interest, $338,761,732; total, $1,413,416,912. This amount, however, does not include $723,544,179 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding which are offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows:

Reserve fund in gold coin and bullion, $150,000,000; trust funds in gold, silver, and United States notes, $723,544,179; general fund, $130,072,790; in national bank depositories including disbursing officers balances, $101,879,520; total, $1,105,496,490, against which there are demand liabilities outstanding amounting to $700,700,855, which leaves a cash balance on hand of $205,705,654. The increase in cash now in the treasury over last month is $9,922,124.

BANANA IMPORTS DECLINE.

New York, June 27.—Recent reports are to the effect that the imports of Jamaica bananas have declined $250,000 in value during the past quarter, as compared with last year. The hurricanes of last fall, which so nearly ruined a good many of the plantations, is responsible for the larger proportion of this decline. The loss is serious for the people of the island, since the production of bananas is their principal industry and the United States their best customer. Several companies have been organized and subsidized by the government to develop trade with England. Such movements have never succeeded and the attempts have been abandoned after short trials.

Will Handle Crop.

San Jose, Cal. June 27. The California Packers' company has finally arranged with the California Fruit association for handling the coming crop. The fixing of prices is left to the directors of the association. There will be no bonus on foreign exports.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT HOBOKEN

Nearly 300 Lives Lost and Millions of Property Destroyed.

New York, July 2.—The fire that swept the piers of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in Hoboken, N. J., Saturday afternoon occasioned losses as follows in lives and property:

Lives lost, latest estimates, not less than.....200
Persons injured.....500
Property: The steamships—
Saale, damage.....$800,000
Bremen, damage.....700,000
Main, damage.....1,600,000
All burned to the water's edge.
Steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, damage.....$25,000
Piers, buildings, stores and merchandise bring the grand total of property loss up to $10,000,000.

New York, July 2.—The partly submerged hulks of the huge North German Lloyd steamers Saale, Bremen and Main lie smoking in the upper bay and North river, apparently as thoroughly wrecked as the Spanish cruisers that ventured out of Santiago harbor two years ago to-morrow. Like the Spanish ships, these German merchantmen hold many dead men within their iron sides. A police patrol forbids near approach to the sunken steamers and warns off the curious who hover about in row-boats.

Eleven charred bodies now in the New York morgue were taken from the deck of the Saale, and divers are expected to bring up scores of dead men to-day. The remains of the huge North German Lloyd piers in Hoboken are still burning, and firemen are throwing water upon the embers, but nothing remains to be saved. Charred logs, sections of planking from half-burned scows and lighters and other wreckage are drifting about the upper and lower bays, compelling steamers to pick their way with caution to save their screws and paddles.

It seems likely nearly all the victims were employed in some capacity by the steamship company. However, the loss of life is apaling. Forty bodies have been recovered, hundreds are missing, and no estimate of the number of dead now falls below 200. Of many of the dead no trace will ever be found, then bodies having been reduced to ashes in the furnace. It is reasonable to suppose that the rescued will report themselves to-day, and to-night's list of missing will be the list of the dead. Nearly all the members of the crews had their homes in Germany, and news of the disaster will carry sorrow to many a fireside in the fatherland. No missing, except those employed about the steamers, have been reported to the police or to the company.

The fearful havoc to life and property caused by the fire which broke out at the docks of the North German Lloyd Company in Hoboken Saturday cannot be approximated with any degree of certainty. Conservative people who have had experience along the docks are of opinion that not over 200 lives were lost.

One of the officers of the steamship Bremen said that there were fully 200 visitors on board that vessel when the fire touched there, the majority of them being women. A boat was lowered from the Bremen shortly after the alarm had been given, but the craft capsized as it touched the water and all hands were precipitated into the water and none of them was saved by those remaining on the vessel. This in itself would indicate that the list of dead may be larger than at first supposed.

The property loss can simply be approximated at this time. A conservative estimate made by a fire underwriter places the damage at less than $10,000,000. The three docks of the North German Lloyd line are total losses with their contents, and they are still smouldering with many streams playing continuously on the debris.

New York, July 3.—Up to 1 o'clock this afternoon the total of the recovered dead from the Hoboken pier fire was 61. This was 60 hours after the fire's start. Of these bodies 63 now lie in undertakers establishments in Hoboken, two in the morgue in Jersey City, and 16 have been brought to the morgue in this city. Of the latter, seven unidentified and three identified have been taken away for burial. Of the bodies in the Hoboken morgues 42 have been identified up to 1 o'clock one was identified in Jersey City and three were recognized in the New York morgue, making the total number of identified bodies 46.

The officials of the North German Lloyd company are doing all they can to alleviate the sufferings of the survivors. They have already distributed large sums of money to them, giving them clothing and furnishing food. Over 400 of the survivors were put aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross to-day to be sent back to Germany. General Agent Schwab has been working almost night and day trying to bring matters to shape and to get a complete list of survivors. To-day several informations were lodged with Recorder Stanton against tug boat captains claiming they permitted acts of cruelty on board their vessels. The tug boat captains in general deny these statements of alleged cruelty and have offered a reward of $1,000 for information that will convict any man aboard a tug boat. As yet the steamboat company officials are unable to give out any estimate of their losses.

New York, July 3.—The search for bodies of persons who perished in the fire at the North German Lloyd Company's piers in Hoboken was resumed to-day. Up to the stoppage of work late last night, 67 bodies had been recovered. Four of these were still on the Saale where they were found.

Wrecking tugs to-day continued their work on the Main and Bremen, removing cargo and debris, and trying to reach the bodies believed to be in their holds. Many persons are known to have perished in these ships and the search for their remains will be kept up, but it is feared that any recovered will be unrecognizable.

The body of an unknown man thought to be one of the victims of the fire, was found at the foot of Essex street, Jersey City, this morning. It was almost nude, and was removed to an undertaker's shop.

All of the injured in the Jersey City hospitals were reported to be doing as well as could be expected to-day. Ernest Venner, the most seriously injured of the patients, is suffering from the inhalation of smoke.

The eighteen fire patients in Bellevue hospital, New York, have almost fully recovered, and all of them, probably, will leave that institution some time to-day. They will be cared for by the North German Lloyd Company.

Two bodies of fire victims remained at the New York morgue this morning. They are those of Charles Bremmer, an upholsterer of Union Hill, N. J., who lost his life while working on the Saale, and Augusta Wolter, a machinist on the Saale, which were in the morgue, were removed last night to an undertaking shop for burial.

A sensation was created to-day by an announcement from Mayor Fagan, of Hoboken, that he will prosecute all tugboat captains against whom charges of refusing to save life can be substantiated. The mayor says he will apply at once for warrants charging two tug-boat captains with murder, and that he has evidence to prove that these men used boat-hooks to keep drowning men from climbing on their tugs because the unfortunates had no money. An effort is to be made, also, to have the licenses of offending captains revoked.

Up to 9:30 a. m. seven bodies had been taken from the river to-day. This includes the one found off Essex street, Jersey City, and swelled the total number of dead found to 74.

County Physician Converse, of Hudson county, New Jersey, has directed Coroner Hoffman to hold an inquest in the case of Mary Cordess, stewardess on the Saale, who was drowned. The date of the inquest has not been fixed. The physician says he may direct the coroner to hold a second inquest on the body of one of the victims whose death was caused by burns.

The name of Paul Richter was added to the list of missing to-day.

The work of removing cargo from the Saale was discontinued to-day, and a gang of 35 men was put to work preparing the ship for pumping out. Four divers were sent down on the outside of the boat to cover the port holes that were broken, and a number of boilermakers commenced to remove rivets from the iron work that now covers the ways to the steerage hatchway. When this hatchway is opened up, it is expected that a number of bodies will be found. The fire on the Main has been put out, and while the upper works will have to be rebuilt, the hull of the vessel is in pretty fair shape. The plates of the hull above the water, although the paint is burned off, has not sprung any leaks, which shows her beams were not much affected by the heat. The Bremen, beached alongside of the Main on the Weehawkin Flats, rests on her port side. The visible part of the liner—the upper works—looks a deplorable wreck, but her hull is nearly all right. The powerful derrick Monarch is keeping the Bremen from keeling over to port. From the after hold the wreckers are this morning raising charred bales of cotton to the lighters consort. The forward parts of the Bremen were the least injured. There are many open and broken headlights which permit the tide to rise and fall inside the hold of the steamship.

About 10:30 two more bodies were taken from the water at the foot of Fourth street, Hoboken.

The bodies of the following persons were identified in Hoboken this morning: E. Milhatz, Berchardt, Ernest Bremer, Emil Fenfke, Herman Tunar and Aug. Hesslinor.

All were employes of the North German Lloyd line.

Three bodies were recovered at the foot of Fourth street, Hoboken, at 1 o'clock this afternoon, making the total 80 bodies up to that time.

Information was sworn to before Recorder Stanton in Hoboken to-day by Ferdinand H. Krouse, third officer of the Phoenicia, who charged that he tried to get aboard a tug from the end of one of the North German Lloyd piers and succeeded in boarding her and was put off because he had no money. Krouse in his sworn statement says that the name of the tug was the Dandy, and in his affidavit he says the captain asked: "Have you any money?"

"None in my pocket," Krouse said he replied.

The affidavit they says the captain retorted, "I've no time for you. I have other business to attend to."

Krouse says that he asked the tug boat captain to go to the assistance of persons aboard the Saale, but the captain refused. This information was also sworn to by Rudolph Gerahn, of the Phoenicia.

H. Brockstedt also made information before Recorder Stanton that a tug the name of which he did not know, had refused to rescue him and some of his companions from a life-boat belonging to the Phoenicia. The recorder said he would look up the law on the subject to select the best method to proceed against the offending captains.

THE M'KINLEYS AT CANTON.

Canton, O., June 30.—At 10:13 a. m. to-day, President and Mrs. McKinley reached Canton. Fifteen minutes later, the President was in his own home, the remodelled cottage on North Market street, made famous in the campaign of '96, shaking hands with the members of the citizens' reception committee of '96, who had arranged the informal reception and escorted him through the crowded streets. A minute later he was on the porch, in response to the calls of a vast crowd, which filled the streets and lawn and tramped the grass just as the crowds did four years ago. President McKinley said:

"My Fellow-citizens:—It is needless for me to say that we are very glad to get home again and to be with you and be one of you as of old. And the pleasure is very greatly enhanced by the warm and hearty welcome which my old neighbors and fellow-citizens have given here this morning, for which I most profoundly thank you all."

The President's brief remarks were received with boisterous applause. The reception was entirely non-partisan. It was accompanied by a boisterous rejoicing that seemed but a continuation of the outbreak of joy with which the news of the renomination was heard last week. It began when the train appeared at the eastern limits of the city. Whistles all over the city joined in a deafening roar.

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON

Unveiling of America's Gift to France at Paris.

Paris, July 3.—The ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Washington, the gift of "an association of American women for the presentation of a statue of Washington to France," passed off to-day according to program and under favorable circumstances. Sousa's band was in attendance. The United States ambassador, General Horace Porter, presided and delivered an address. It was as follows:

First let me extend a cordial greeting and an earnest welcome to all who have gathered here to participate in the impressive ceremonies which are to follow. The occasion is fraught with peculiar interest. We come together to-day to dedicate a statue of Washington in the home of Lafayette. The patriotic Republic could not perpetuate in enduring bronze a more exalted character. His name is the synonym of unselfish patriotism, sublime heroism, unswerving virtue. When entrusted with the task of defending the liberties of his country, his towering genius brought order out of chaos, turned weaklings into giants and snatched victory from defeat. His modesty was equal to his courage. He never underrated himself in a battle; he never overrated himself in a report. He reached the highest pinnacle of human greatness and covered the earth with his renown. His name will stand immortal when epitaphs have vanished utterly and monuments have crumbled into dust.

His ashes were laid to rest in the bosom of the soil his efforts saved, but his true sepulchre is the hearts of his countrymen.

The following portion of the address was delivered in French:

Fifteen years ago a large number of the people of France animated by their friendship for America, sent there the imposing statue executed by Bartholdi, which is at present the most conspicuous monument in the harbor of New York, "Liberty Enlightening the World." To-day the ladies of America—we always find a woman wherever a noble task is to be accomplished—present to the former ally of the United States, a statue of him who was the highest personification of liberty, the immortal Washington. During the eight long years of sanguinary conflict carried on at the cost of countless sacrifices to assure our national independence, Washington was at once the sword and shield of the country and the disinterested champion of the sacred right of self-government. The founder of the American republic was always the faithful friend of France. His heart was deeply touched by the sympathy she evinced for the colonies which had arisen against an unendurable oppression and his sense of gratitude to the generous nation which came to their aid at the most critical moment of their struggle for existence was never weakened. His body lies upon the banks of the Potomac; it is fitting that his statue should stand upon the banks of the Seine. This monument is an offering of peace and good will. It is to be inaugurated within the shadow of the three resplendent colors which are those of the national banners of the two great Republics. These flags, which blend so harmoniously upon this occasion, are the symbol of the traditional friendship by which the two countries are united. May they never fail to recall the early alliance cemented upon the field of battle by the blood shed in common for the same cause.

Consul General Gowdy made the presentation and the French minister of foreign affairs, M. Delcasse, accepted in behalf of France. M. Delcasse, in accepting the statue, said:

"The thought of offering France a statue of the hero who was the incarnation of the virtue of his race, could not but go to the heart of this country. But, it touched it more particularly when coming from the American women, who unite so perfectly valor with grace. I beg the women of the United States to accept, with my respectful homage, the profound thanks of the French nation. He whose noble image has just been unveiled may perhaps be cited as an example for the world, but, especially, to the citizens of a democracy. I doubt if another could be found in history who could reunite in the same degree the qualities demanded for the guidance of a free people."

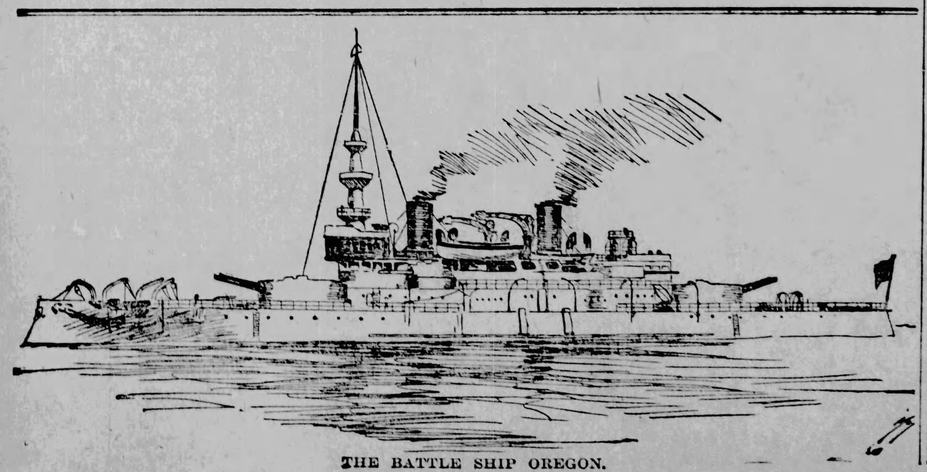
SHORTAGE IN LUMBER.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 30.—One hundred million feet represents the shortage in manufactured lumber with which lumbermen of Minneapolis are confronted. The same proportion applies to all mills in the entire northwest. The Mississippi river and tributaries are lower than for forty years. At the opening of the season there was a shortage of logs, and the continued lowering of the river has made the situation so embarrassing that lumbermen are entirely at sea regarding future operations. It was said by a conservative lumberman yesterday that without continuous rain the season's cut will not be over one-half that of an ordinary time. The great shortage, however, which now exists cannot be overcome, no matter how favorable circumstances may be. The market is met by unusual conditions.

The crop failure will necessarily curtail the demand. In Minneapolis there is an alarming scarcity of "dimension" stuff, by which is meant all the material that goes into the frames of houses. Nearly all stocks are badly broken, and lumbermen are trading with each other in order to meet the requirements of the market. If the present conditions should continue for three or four weeks more the Minneapolis lumber market, which has never failed no matter how heavy the demand made upon it, will be in a demoralized state.

BANK RECEIVES BIG GOLD CONSIGNMENT

New York, July 3.—The Canadian Bank of Commerce of this city has received a shipment of $600,000 in gold from the Klondike. It is rumored that this institution has on the way from Dawson City about $2,500,000 in gold.



THE BATTLE SHIP OREGON.

RHEUMATISM.

April 10, 1897.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for more than six months. I could not raise my hands to my head or put my hands behind me, or even take off my own shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever. You can see why I have such great faith in your Ready Relief. Yours truly, W. C. BAKER, Engineer at A. Montelone's boot and shoe factory, 929 Julia street, New Orleans, La.

Radway's Ready Relief

For the Cure of Pain, Congestion and Inflammations. Price 50 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.

THE OREGON AGROUND.

Washington, June 30.—The navy department has received a cablegram from Capt. Wilde, of the Oregon, dated Che Foo yesterday, confirming the report that his ship is aground fifty miles from Taku. The Iris and another relief ship are now with the Oregon.

The point where the Oregon grounded is fifty miles west-northwest of Che Foo. Taku is 150 miles west of Pinnacle Rock, where she struck.

The following dispatches were received at the navy department this morning relative to the grounding of the Oregon:

"Che Foo, June 29.—Secretary Navy: Anchored yesterday, dense fog, in 17 fathoms, three miles south of How Ke light, Gulf of Pe Chi Le. Sent out two boats and sounded. Least water 5½ fathoms. Weather clear. Got underway and struck Pinnacle Rock. Much water in forward compartment. Perfectly smooth. I shall charter steamer if possible at Che Foo and lighten the ship. Rock through side of ship above double bottom about frame 19. Small holes also through bottom of ship.

(Signed.) "WILDE."

"Che Foo, June 29.—Secretary Navy: Iris gone to the assistance of the Oregon.

(Signed.) "RAYMOND ROGERS.
"Commanding Nashville."

Washington, July 2.—The following cablegram has been received at the navy department from Admiral Kempff:

"Chee Foo, July 1.

"Secretary of the Navy, Washington:

"Oregon has run aground. It is not in a dangerous position; about 38 degrees north latitude, 20 degrees 40 minutes east longitude. Have sent to her assistance three naval vessels. It is reported that there is water in one compartment. The commander of the Oregon did not request assistance, a Japanese man-of-war having boarded vessel.

(Signed.) "KEMPFF."

Shanghai, Monday July 2.—The United States battleship Oregon, which ran ashore off the island of Hoo-Kie, in the Miao-Tao group, 35 miles northeast of Che Foo, June 28, has been floated off and is expected to reach Port Arthur safely.

Washington, July 3.—A cablegram received at the navy department from Lieutenant Key, dated Tokio, last night, says:

"Russian dock at Port Arthur is too small for Oregon to enter."

The dispatch conveys the first news that Key is not at Pekin were he was naval attache. If the Oregon is floated she will be docked at Nagasaki.

Washington, July 3.—Secretary Long this morning received the following cable message from Lieutenant A. L. Key, naval attache at the United States legation at Tokio, Japan, in regard to the docking of the Oregon:

"Tokio, July 3, 1900.

"Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

"Port Arthur to-morrow. If Oregon cannot dock at Nagasaki, Japanese navy department tenders the use of either Kure or Yokoksuka docks. Offers any assistance desired. Has ordered Akitsushima from Che Foo to the Oregon. Have cabled Wilde offer of docks.

(Signed) "KEY."

Washington, July 3.—The naval officials are disappointed at the statement that the Oregon cannot be docked at Port Arthur as that place is only about 60 miles distant from where she struck. Nagasaki is 600 miles distant but can be reached by the Oregon without venturing far outside of the tolerably smooth waters of the gulf of Pecheli. If the docks there are too small, then she must push on to the Yokosuka docks. These are located just below Yokohama in the harbor. The Kure docks referred to are supposed to be the Kobe docks. The difficulty in the case of the Oregon is that she is fitted with bilge and docking keels, making her very broad in cross section at the bottom, and consequently unsuited to even large dry docks for ordinary construction.

The Japanese vessel Akitsushima, which Lieutenant Key reported as going to the help of the Oregon is the famous cruiser which covered herself with renown at the battle of Yalu.

ST. LOUIS STRIKE ENDED.

St. Louis, July 3.—An agreement between the St. Louis Transit company and its former employes was signed last night by representatives of the Transit company and by the executive committee.

The agreement follows:

1. The provisions of the agreement of March 10, 1900, as to rates of pay and hours of service will be continued in force by the company.

2. Every employe of the company to be free to join or not to join any organization, and no discrimination to be made for or against him because of the manner in which he exercises his freedom.

3. Any attempt on the part of any employe to induce another employe by intimidation or threats to join or not to join any union shall be cause for the immediate discharge of the person guilty of such attempt.

4. Any attempt to influence any employe by an official of the company to join or not to join any union shall be cause for discharge of such official.

5. The company will meet any employe or committee of employes, whether representing themselves, other employes, or an association of employes, regarding any matter of mutual interest.

6. For the purpose of filling vacancies which may now exist or hereafter arise, the committee of former employes of which T. B. Edwards is chairman, shall prepare a list of the men who were in the company's service on May 7, last, and as the company now or hereafter needs additional men it will select them exclusively from this list, until it is exhausted, not interfering however, with the men now in the service. No person shall be eligible to this list who has been guilty of any acts of lawlessness or violence.

(Signed) ST. LOUIS TRANSIT CO.
By Edward S. Whitaker, President.
T. B. EDWARDS,
Chairman of committee.

The strike is hereby declared off.
T. B. EDWARDS,
Chairman of Committee.

July 2, 1900.

FINE HORSES FOR OHIO BREEDERS

New York, July 3.—On board the Atlantic transport line steamer Marquette, which arrived this morning from London were 111 English stallions in transit for Ohio.

GOV. HILL CALLED ON THE INDIANIANS

Kansas City, July 3.—Mr. Hill went to the Indiana headquarters to-day and made a speech to the delegation. His remarks were general in terms, but advocated conservative action as a means of Democratic success. He was loudly cheered by the delegates, and as he passed through the crowd when returning to his rooms there were many shouts of "Hill," "Hill," interspersed with cheers.

SURPRISING DEVELOPMENTS

May Come From Hanna's Visit to the President.

Canton, O., July 3.—Senator Hanna's visit o President McKinley to-day is of the greatest political importance. It is their first meting since McKinley's renomination. While they will discuss the national campaign, they will also talk long and earnestly about the Ohio contest.

Out of this conference may come some amazing developments in connection with the conduct of the campaign in McKinley's state. The President has surprised Hanna by showing a peculiar axiety about Ohio and by making a demand that the local canvass must be conducted by men and with plans hardly subordinate to the national fight.

This does not mean that McKinley is worried about losing his own state, but he has recently been very tenacious about having Ohio give him its greatest majority. The President and Hanna don't quite agree on the proposition to give Ohio so much atention, but the President is persistant and will probably have his way.

So interested in Ohio is McKinley that he sent for Laylin, candidate for secretary of state, after the Philadelphia convention. McKinley went over the Ohio situation with Laylin, discussed the proposed personnel of the new executive committee, and promised Laylin the unreserved support and resources of the national organization to the end that Ohio might lead all the states in the size of her Republican victory.

This was all very cheering to Layin, but disconcerting to ther eminent Ohio eaders who had other pans in view. Indeed to-day's conference may change the make-up and plans for the national organization.

SUICIDE OF JUDGE LONG

One of the Best Known Masons in the Country Takes His Life.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 3.—Judge Thomas Long, a 33d degree Mason and past grand master of the Indiana grand lodge, F. and A. M., committed suicide last night by shooting himself in the head. Despondency is given as the cause.

Judge Long for many years was chairman of the committee on correspondence of the grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and was personally known by every prominent Mason in the United States.

BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA ABOLISHED

St. Petersburg, July 3.—The Official Messenger to-day publishes an imperial ukase providing, in a large measure, for the abolition of banishment to Siberia. In May, 1899, the czar commissioned the minister of justice to draw up a law abolishing such banishment. The minister's draft, as finally sanctioned by the council of the empire, has now been signed by the czar, and the law is effective.

HOSPITAL SHIP MAINE HAS ARRIVED

London, July 3.—The American hospital ship Maine has reached Southampton with another batch of wounded soldiers from South Africa. A distinguished party including Princess Louise, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mesdames Blow, Ronalds, Adair and Chamberlain, met the vessel in the Solent.

EVIDENCE OF MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION

Syracuse, N. Y., July 3.—The grand jury connected with the extraordinary term of the supreme court, Justice Wilmot M. Smith, presiding, which was appointed by Gov. Roosevelt to investigate charges of municipal corruption, etc., this morning reported to the court. Two bills for conspiracy in paying accounts from wrong funds were reported against Mayor James K. McGuire. Fifteen aldermen were likewise indicted upon the same charge and one alderman was indicted upon one of the conspiracy charges. Ten of the aldermen were arraigned this morning and pleaded not guilty with permission to withdraw the plea and demur.

Bail was fixed at $5,000 in each case, the aldermen being permitted to go upon their own recognizances until all arraignments have been made.

ATHLETES PERISHED IN A GREAT STORM

Fayhans, N. H., July 3.—The first fatality on Mount Washington in ten years took place as the result of the frightful storm of last Saturday when W. B. Curtis, 63 years old, and Allan Ormsbee, about 30 years, both of New York, and both experienced athletes, lost their lives on the Crawford bridle path. Their bodies were found to-day by the members of the Appalachian Mountain club, now at the summit for their annual field meeting.

Curtis was formerly one of the best athletes in America, acting as referee in nearly all inter-collegiate sports and amateur athletics for many years, and was one of the founders of the New York Athletic club. He was an expert mountain climber. Ormsbee, a member of the Crescent A. A., of Brooklyn, was an expert athlete.

Bessemer Furnaces to Close.

Cleveland, O., July 3.—As the result of a meeting of the executive committee of the Bessemer Association, held last Saturday, the statement was given out Monday that every Bessemer furnace in the country will be shut down as soon as possible, in order to stiffen the market.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

EDNA MAY COMING TO AMERICA SOON

London, July 3.—Edna May, being left without a job by the closing of The American Beauty at the Shafesbury theatre, albeit still drawing her merry $500 per week under contract, is likely to return to New York soon to push her divorce suit against bicycle rider Fred Titus. There is no part for her in The Casino Girl, which is to be produced at a date yet unannounced, and rumor says the fair Salvation lassie will desert the Lederer forces for an English theatre next season. Her present contract is not with Lederer, for whom things seem to have gone badly of late, but with Charles McLellan, Gus Kerker and Thomas Davis. The American Beauty chorus will be utilized in the forthcoming production of The Casino Girl.

Ensign Magill Dead.

Newport, R. I., July 2.—Ensign Samuel Magill, of the training station, died suddenly of typhoid fever at the naval hospital on Coaster's Harbor island Saturday night. He was born in Iowa and was appointed from North Dakota, entering the service in 1893.

Markets and Crops.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY REVIEW

New York, June 30.—Bradstreets's says:

Distributive trade is dull, seasonably so in most instances, and prices of manufactured products are generally weak, but exceptions to the former are found where crop conditions are exceptionally promising, and in the case of prices where the readjusting movement has been overdone on the down side.

The upward rush of wheat prices culminated at the close of last week, and the reactions and irregularities since, mainly due to heavy realizing, would point to the movement having been, temporarily at least, overdone. Advices from the northwest are of little more than half a crop of wheat, but estimates of the turn out in bushels vary accordingly as the government report of 160,000,000 bushels, or the commercial estimate of 200,000,000 bushels yield last year in the three states is used as a basis.

A short lived scare on the reports of dry weather in the corn belt, sympathy with the early advance in wheat, and, what is more important, apparently increasing popularity of corn on home and export account, was responsible for this cereal reaching the highest point paid for a year past. Oats and other farm crops also sympathized, as did most hog products. Butter is higher on small receipts.

Sugar is at the highest prices reached at this time for ten years past, owing to heavy canning demand and the strengthened position of raws.

The war in China is chargeable with the advance in teas, not only from the former country, but from Japan, some interruption in transportation being apparently looked for if the Asiatic trouble increases.

Increased cost of raw material is not balanced by an advance in finished products. The contrary is, in fact, the case, because print cloths are ¼c off and prints are ½c lower per yard.

Reports from the iron and steel trade are as pessimistic as ever. Nominally quotations at Pittsburg are unchanged, but it is claimed buyers can get supplies $1 to $3 lower. At other markets pig iron and bars, among finished products, are unquestionably lower. The reduction in structural material has brought little new business.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 3,184,144 bushels, against 4,643,180 bushels last week, 3,468,998 bushels in the corresponding week of last year, 4,716,401 bushels in 1898, 2,778,848 bushels in 1897, and 2,601,096 bushels in 1896. Since July 1, this season, the exports of wheat aggregate 199,654,306 bushels, against 225,038,698 last year and 23,788,689 bushels in 1897-98. Corn exports for the week aggregate 4,000,654 bushels, against 2,514,593 bushels last week, 4,482,116 bushels in this week a year ago, 2,601,560 bushels in 1898, 1,923,938 bushels in 1897, and 1,598,632 bushels in 1896. Since July 1 this season corn exports aggregate 202,769,574 bushels, against 109,780,274 bushels during the same period a year ago and 197,117,910 bushels in 1897-98.

Failures for the week number 185, as compared with 167 last week, 158 in this week a year ago, 183 in 1898, 225 in 1897 and 229 in 1896. Business failures in the Dominion of Canada number 18, as compared with 28 last week, 23 in this week a year ago, 22 in 1898, 33 in 1897 and 25 in 1896.

OHIO CROP REPORT.

Columbus, July 3.—The rainfall in Ohio for the week ending July 2, has been unevenly distributed. Most of our corn and wheat stations in the southern part of the state received a rainfall above the normal, but in northern sections the fall has been very light. Some damage has been done in southern counties by heavy rain, high winds and lightning. The corn and wheat stations of the Ohio section report amounts of rain.

The weather has been favorable for harvesting clover in the north, but very unfavorable in the south, as showers have occurred nearly daily. Clover has improved very much in the extreme northwest and a good crop will be secured. Timothy and meadows have improved in most places, but the crop must fall far short of the average. Haying is in general progress.

Wheat has been damaged by wind and rain, both in the uncut fields and that in the shock. The harvest is completed in a few fields in the south, and the grain is ripening fast in the north. Much is being cut and cured for hay.

Oats continue to improve in most sections. Rye and barley are in good condition with few exceptions. Garden and truck crops are generally making a splendid growth.

The weather has been generally favorable for corn and it continues to improve. Some fields in the south have been badly washed, and there is complaint of a lack of moisture in a few central counties, and of cool nights in the north.

Tobacco has been favorably affected in most sections, and it is growing well. There is some complaint of cut worms in Montgomery county.

Potatoes have been unfavorably affected by the lack of moisture in a few central and eastern counties, but most correspondents report the crop very promising. The early planted are being marketed.

Seven correspondents in the northern half of the state report a good outlook for apples, but generally the prospect is not promising. They are falling badly, especially where the rainfall has been light.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

Toledo, O., July 3.—Close—While trading was unusually dull on the local board to-day, there was a good advance in wheat. The opening was higher, and the market had a strong undertone. Early cables came somewhat better, but the close was lower. Crop reports were worse than ever.

The heavy selling movement which handled the market without gloves yesterday, had apparently worried itself out, for there was a good buying sentiment early in the session.

Good rains had been reported over the northwestern states and in Manitoba, but the northwestern markets were firm and higher on the opening which was taken as an indication that the rains came too late to be of any value to the crop. Foreign crop reports were about of an average. Russia reported crops in the southwestern provinces in fairly good shape.

The difference in the futures on the opening was wholly absorbed during the session, and wheat closed on a parity all around. September is now at medium over cash wheat to-day.

Corn showed some strength in sympathy with wheat and a fraction. Oats also firmed up and sold higher.

Clover seed closed unchanged after a brisk trading in the early session. October seed sold down to $4.90 on the call and closed unchanged at $5.02½. A lot of No. 2 was sold at $4.70.

Quotations at the close were:

Corn—Cash, 44c; Sept., 42½c; July, 43c.
Oats—Cash, 24c; Sept., 23½c.
Rye—Cash, 58c.
Clover seed—98 prime, $5.10; 99 prime, $5.50; October, $5.02½; No. 2, $4.70.

At Chicago

The wheat market during the forenoon was firm and active. Liverpool was unexpectedly strong in the face of the 3¾c decline here yesterday, showing only a fractional loss. The Russian crop, it was reported in a cable mesage from Odessa would be under the average. The northwest had more rain last night, but traders were disinclined to pay much attention to crop conditions, the shipping demand being considered the real key to the present wheat situation. August wheat opened 1c to 1¼c over yesterday at 73⅞ to 74⅛c. Under profit-taking through commission houses August, having touched 75¾c, following the opening, declined to 73½. At this concession there was good support and a recovery to 75¼c followed. Local receipts were 18 cars, seven of contract grade. Minneapolis and Duluth reported 96 cars against 198 last week.

Corn, aside from the strength derived from wheat, had some backbone of its own and enjoyed an active trade during the first half of the session. Liverpool was strong and higher, there was unfavorable hot weather in Kansas and Nebraska and country acceptances were light. There was a good outside demand and the same sort of encouragement from local bulls. Receipts were 1 161 cars. August opened ⅝ to ⅝@⅝ over yesterday at 42¾ to ⅝@⅞ and sold off with wheat to 42¼ but recovered to 42⅝@¾.

Oats were helped by the strength of wheat and corn and renewed assurances that hay and oats in the northwest had failed to an extent sufficient to startle the most optimistic horse which ever ate the afore-mentioned fodder. August opened ⅛ to ⅜c higher at 23½@23⅝, sold off to 23⅛, and then rallied to 23⅞@24. Receipts were 463 cars.

Provisions were firm, because hog receipts were under the estimate and the market at the yards 5 to 10c higher. The grain strength was also a help. September pork opened 20c over yesterday at $12.95@13.00 and sold at $13.00. Septemb lard opened 10@15c higher at $6.85@7.00 and sold to $7.02½, and September ribs 10c up at $7.12½, advancing to $7.20.

The following are the quotations from the various boards to-day:

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	To-day's Close.	July 2 Close.
Cash	83	83½	83	83½	82
July	.....82¾	84	82¾	83½	82
August	83	84	82¾	83½	82¾
September	83	84¼	82¾	83½	82¾

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	.....73¾	79¼	77¾	78⅜	77
August	.....78⅛	80⅜	78¼	79⅝	77⅞
September	.....79½	81	79¼	80⅛	78⅝
Corn—					
July	.....42½	43	41¾	42⅜	41¾
August	.....42½	43⅜	42¼	43¼	42⅛
September	43	44¼	42⅝	43⅝	42½
Oats—					
July	.....23¼	23¼	23⅛	23⅛	23¼
August	.....23¼	23⅜	23⅛	23⅛	23⅜
September	.....23⅜	23¾	23	23⅜	23⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
September	84	85⅜	83⅝	84⅜	83⅜
July	.....85¼	86¼	84⅝	85⅝	84⅜
Corn—					
September	.....43¼	43¾	42¾	43⅜	42⅞
July	.....42⅝	43⅝	42⅜	43⅛	42⅜

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
September	.....78⅝	79⅝	78½	78⅝	78
July	.....78¼	78⅝	77½	78⅛	77⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
September	.....79⅞	80⅜	78¾	80	78⅝
July	79	80⅛	79	79½	78

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
September	.....80½	81⅜	80⅞	81	79⅝
July	.....80¼			80⅛	79⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
September	$12.97	$13.00	$12.90	$12.90	$12.75
July	12.80	12.82	12.70	12.70	12.55
Lard—					
September	6.95	7.00	6.92	6.92	6.85
July	7.02	7.02	6.92	6.92	6.67
Ribs—					
September	7.12	7.17	7.10	7.10	7.02
July	7.10	7.15	7.10	7.10	7.00

Live Stock.

Chicago, July 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,500, including 200 Texans; steers, steady; butchers' stock, good to choice, steady; good to prime steers, $5.20@5.80; poor to medium, $4.60@5.15; stockers and feeders, 10@15c higher at $2.60@4.85; cows, $2.90@4.40; heifers, $3.00@5.10; canners, $2.10@2.75; bulls, $2.60@4.40; calves about same as last Tuesday, $4.50@6.00; Texas fed steers, $4.40@5.25; Texas grass steers, $3.75@4.25; Texas bulls, $2.00@3.35. Hogs—Receipts to-day, 12,000; left over, 9,541; market, mostly 5c higher; top, $5.22½; mixed and butchers, $5.10@5.22½; good to prime heavy, $5.20@5.22½; rough heavy, $5.05@5.15; light, $5.10@5.20; bulk of sales, $5.20@5.22½.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 2.—(Elrick Bros. special report to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts 10 cars; market dull.

Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; market 5c higher. Pigs, $5.50@5.55; Yorkers, $5.45@5.50; mediums, heavy, $5.40@5.45.

Sheep—Receipts, 1 car; market steady.

Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., July 3.—(Elrick & Lowe's report to The Blade.) Hogs—Receipts light, about 20 cars on sale; market opened active and generally 5@10c higher than yesterday; pigs, Yorkers, mediums and mixed, $5.25@5.40; stags and roughs, $3.75@4.75; closed steady.

FINANCIAL.

New York, July 3.—The movement of prices was confused and irregular at the opening of the market, support from local sources vying with the depression reflected from London. The international stocks were above the London parity, but the declines from last night's level were not entirely wiped out. The trunk lines and coalers showed gains ranging up to a point. Some of the specialties reacted after the opening. The market was decidedly dull.

As on yesterday the market stiffened after the opening, but the advances were moderate outside of Sugar, Brooklyn Transit and Missouri Pacific. The last mentioned stock touched 39, but did not hold. Bear operators took advantage of the sluggishness of the market to offer prices down and soon effected a general decline which practically cancelled the previous rise. The market hardened again before 11 o'clock.

Noon—A good demand prevailed for St. Paul and Reading 1st pfd., which benefited by the strength, while the tone was unmistakably firm the progress toward a higher level was hampered